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Vol. I: Howell's Devises

Henry Frowde, M.A.

Publisher to the University of Oxford
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Howell's Devises

1581

With an Introduction
by Walter Raleigh



At the Clarendon Press

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Introduction.

THOMAS HOWELL, the author of this volume of verse, belonged to that scattered company of amateurs—gentlemen adventurers, soldiers of fortune, and students of the Inns of Court—who maintained the traditions of English poetry in the barren years between the death of Surrey and the rise of Spenser. It was a time of preparation rather than achievement. The mind of the nation was preoccupied with religious controversy and rumours of war. A multitude of translators were labouring to bring English readers acquainted with the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature. The drama was alive with experiment, every year contriving some new thing for the approval of the learned or the delight of the populace. At the Court and the Universities imitations of Seneca and Plautus were presented by young gentlemen of parts. In the open spaces around London, in the town-halls or inn-yards of the provinces, and in the country-houses of the nobility, wandering companies of gentlemen's servants exercised, in interludes and farces, the unchanging comic art of the mimic and the buffoon. Poetry, aiming at a like popularity, appealed to the people in the hobbling narratives of the ballad-singers, the agricultural ditties of Thomas Tusser, and the sacred psalmody of Sternhold and Hopkins. Yet the refined and gallant school of Surrey, whose amorous songs, used in the Court of Henry VIII, had scandalized Thomas Sternhold, was not without loyal disciples. It was in the school of Surrey that the great poets of the Elizabethan age learned the elements of their craft. Sackville and Gascoigne, Churchyard and Turberville, Edwardes and Hunnis, Phaer and Golding, the Lord Vaux and the Earl of Oxford, although none of their works ascends the highest heaven of invention, showed the way to greater poets than themselves. If Thomas Howell deserves

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deserves to be rescued from oblivion, it is because he too belonged to this company of heralds, and his imperfect work is full of presages of the great things that were to come.

The building of regular theatres in London, and their capture by the University wits and poets, opened a new career to men of letters. By supplying the booksellers with novelettes, and the theatre with plays, a poet might hope to support himself when patronage failed him. Greene, and Shakespeare, and not a few of their contemporaries, gained the best part of their living by their pens. Howell belongs to an earlier time, when the writing of verse was a strictly honorary employment, and patronage was its justification and reward. We know nothing of his life save what we can gather from the tributes he pays to those in whose service it was passed. Like Keats, whom he does not much resemble in other respects, he had not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public. His verses were written 'for his own exercise and his friends' pleasure.' He commemorates many of his private friends in the verses which he exchanged with them, but, as few of them were notable or famous persons, their names help us but little. R. Hussie and T. Hooper, Henry Lassels, M. Staplee, and J. Nedham must rest content with such fame as may accrue to them from the mention of their names in one or other of the three small volumes of poetry which Howell produced during his life-time. Francis Flower, who is mentioned in *The Arbor of Amittie*, Howell's first collection of poems, is perhaps the Francis Flower who was elected Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1560, and Fellow in 1565. A. M., who contributes to the *Devises*, is perhaps Anthony Munday. John Keper, with whom Howell exchanged many poems, has been identified with a gentleman of Somerset who was entered at Hart Hall, Oxford, in 1564, 'aged seventeen or thereabouts,' and subsequently lived in the Close at Wells. A poem included in *The Arbor of Amittie*, under the title 'The Opinion he hath of his Friend absent,' is perhaps addressed to Keper, and gives us our only clue to Howell's place of birth :

Loe

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Loe what mishap hath maymed me so sore,
Like one of thine that there I may not dwell:
Esteeme me not the less of Dunster store,
Since hart is there where care doth corps expell.

These obscure lines have been interpreted by Dr. Grosart to mean that Howell and his friend were both natives of Dunster, a conjecture which receives some support from the occurrence in *The Arbor of Amitie* of a poem in the West-country dialect. A further vague allusion, occurring in another poem of the same volume, may possibly refer to Oxford. In 'A farewell to his Friend T. Hooper,' Howell writes—

If will were now in force,
To thee my flight should be:
Where are the Muses nine that sing
In heavenly harmonie.

Born, it may be, in Somerset, and educated, it seems likely, in Oxford, Thomas Howell comes into clearer light as a retainer of the noble family of Herbert. In 1562 the Lady Anne Herbert, daughter of William Earl of Pembroke, was married to Francis, Lord Talbot, the eldest son of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who acted for fifteen arduous years as custodian of Mary Queen of Scots. Not long after the marriage Howell is found in the Lady Anne's retinue. In the dedication of his first book to her he says: 'But now (right honourable Ladie) I have by experience proved of myselfe, being in your daylie presence, the fame of your worthiness and virtues to be certain true, which eftsoons before I had heard reported by others.' In 1566 Gertrude, Countess of Shrewsbury, died, and was mourned by Howell in an epitaph which is printed in *The Arbor of Amitie* (1568). About the time that Howell was revising his epitaph for the press, the bereaved Earl fell a victim to the charms of Bess of Hardwick, daughter and co-heir of John Hardwick of Hardwick. This celebrated and single-minded woman was now in her third widowhood, having been married successively to Robert Barlow of Derbyshire;
Sir

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Sir William Cavendish of Chatsworth ; and Sir William St. Loe, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth. All the later part of her life was devoted to the aggrandizement of the children whom she had borne to Sir William Cavendish. When one of the wealthiest and most powerful of English earls proffered her marriage she was not slow to recognize that the chance of her life had come. Before yielding to his suit she drove a hard bargain, stipulating for a double marriage of their children. In February 1567-8 Henry, the eldest son of Sir William Cavendish, took to wife the Lady Grace Talbot, and Gilbert, the second son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, married the youngest of Sir William's daughters. Last of all Bess was married also, and entered with zeal into the administration of the Talbot estates.

In the service of this family the gentleman-retainer of the Lady Anne must have passed many years of his life. The Earl of Shrewsbury had three daughters, all of whom their poet celebrates in the poem called 'A New Yeares Gyfte' (*Devises*, pp. 77-9). The eldest, the Lady Katherine Talbot, was married to Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke ; so that the Herbert family, like the family of Cavendish, was connected with the Talbots by more than one marriage. The second daughter, the Lady Mary Talbot, was married to Sir George Savile, of Thornhill, Yorkshire. The third, the Lady Grace, as already narrated, was married to the heir of Sir William Cavendish. When the Lady Katherine died, Howell bewailed her in verse (*Devises*, pp. 36-8), and he seems thereafter to have renewed his service to his original patrons of the house of Pembroke. In his poem called 'Helpe best welcome, when most needeful' (*Devises*, p. 51) he tells how his own kin had failed him :

And he that hath and should by nature ayde
Withdrawes his hande, and sayth he may no more.

The *Devises*, his volume of 1581, is dedicated to the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and contains, in the lines 'Written to a most excellent Booke, full of rare invention,' the earliest extant notice of Sir Philip Sidney's

Arcadia

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Arcadia. The *Arcadia* was not printed till 1590, but Howell had doubtless seen it in manuscript at Wilton. His allusions to its 'filèd phrase' and 'choice conceits,' to its lovers and shepherds, to the wisdom of its author,

Whose prime of youth grave deeds of age displaies,
and to its very title—*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*—make the reference unmistakable. In a short poem (*Devises*, p. 30) he celebrates the motto of the Pembroke family—*Ung je seruirey*. Under the protection of that family Howell ended, as he had begun, his career of authorship. When and where he died we do not know.

The titles of his books are as follows :—

The Arbor of Amitie, wherein is comprised pleasant Poems and pretie Poesies, set forth by Thomas Howell Gentleman. London, Henry Denham, 1568.

Newe Sonets, and pretie Pamphlets, Written by Thomas Howell, Gentelman. Newly augmented, corrected and amended. London, Thomas Colwell. Undated, but licensed 1567-8.

H. His Devises, for his owne exercise and his Friends pleasure. London, H. Jackson, 1581.

There is only a single copy known of each of these volumes : the *Newe Sonets and pretie Pamphlets* is in the Capell Collection, Cambridge ; the other two are in the Bodleian. All three were reprinted in his *Occasional Issues* by Dr. Grosart (1879).

The *Devises*, here reprinted, is the latest, and, on the whole, the best, of Howell's books of verse. He included in it a certain number of pieces from his two earlier volumes, with numerous alterations and amendments, bearing witness to the care and pains which he spent upon his work.

Howell's masters and guides in poetry were Surrey and Wyatt, and the group of courtly makers who acknowledged them for leaders. The book of *Songes and Sonettes*, printed by Richard Tottel in the year 1557, was his handbook of English verse. From this book he borrowed many of his

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his themes and the better part of his metrical effects. Here, for instance, in Tottel's *Songes and Sonettes*, thought and phrase are interwoven in a melody which is re-echoed through all the lyrical collections of the sixteenth century :

Come, gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
The flood of lyfe, the joyfull fare,
The joyfull fare, the end of strife :
The end of strife, that thing wishe I :
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

Howell practises the same device of iteration in such pieces as 'No greater contrariety, then in the passions of Love' (*Devises*, p. 16), or 'Ever sought, never founde' (*Devises*, p. 48) :

The more I strive, the stronger is my thrall,
The stronger thrall, the weaker still mine ayde :
The weaker ayde, the greater grieve doth fall,
The greater grieve, the more with doubt dismayde.

Certain of his poems, like some of those in Tottel's *Miscellany*, irresistibly suggest the accompaniment of a stringed instrument. So 'To his Lady of her doubtfull aunswere' (*Devises*, p. 50) :

'Twixt death and doubtfulnesse,
'Twixt paine and pensivenesse,
'Twixt Hell and heavynesse,
Rests all my carefulnesse.

And he abounds in the stock conceits and antitheses which Petrarch taught to a multitude of French and English pupils :

Still pynde in colde, I parched am with heate,
As fyre I flye, upon the flame I runne :
In swelting gleames, my chylly corps I beate,
Congealde to Ice, where shynes the clearest sunne,
Loe thus I lyve, and lyving thus I dye,
Drownde in dispayre, with hope advaunced hye.
(*Devises*, p. 48.)

There

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There is none of the pleasure of surprise in these time-honoured paradoxes; no man could possibly imagine that he had found them for himself. Hot and cold, lost and found, rich and poor, hard and soft, heavy and light, kind and cruel, false and true, living and dead, up and down, to and fro—these are the simple contrasts presented by Petrarch to his followers, and used by them to express the bewilderment of love and the sorrows of unstable Fortune. It was no part of the poet's business to seek for new comparisons; his art was sufficiently approved by the deftness with which he handled the old, and wove them into gracious patterns.

It is one of the great merits of Surrey and Wyatt that they led the way back to those authentic fires whence their own light was borrowed. Chaucer and Petrarch, largely by their means, became the great masters of the English poets of the sixteenth century. George Gascoigne acknowledges no other. 'I venture my good will,' he says,

' In barren verse to do the best I can,
Like Chaucer's boy, and Petrarch's journeyman.'

The poems of Petrarch were issued in innumerable editions, and studied by many English poets. Sir John Harington, writing news of the Court to his lady, in 1602, asks her for the book that was his daily reading: 'Send me up, by my man Combe, my Petrarch. Adieu, sweet Mall.' Reminiscences of Petrarch are to be found on every other page of Howell's poems, and the famous Sonnet 88—*S'amor non è*,—translated by Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, is translated again by Howell in the *Devises* ('Of Love,' p. 36). Howell's last published verses, to be found in J. Swan's translation of the tract *De Antichristo* (1589), are three renderings of Petrarch's invectives against the Court of Rome.

As for Chaucer, his was the paramount influence in all the versifying and story-telling of Shakespeare's predecessors. Howell borrows phrase after phrase from him. For instance—

'Tis

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'Tis light t'outrunne, but not to outread the wise,
says Howell (*Devises*, p. 88).

Men may the wyse at-renne, and not at-rede,
says Chaucer (*Troilus*, iv. 1456). Again—

My taste of love is lost, as you may gesse,
That know how sick men savour bitternesse,
says Howell (*Devises*, p. 89).

For thou of love hast lost thy taste, I gesse,
As sick man hath of swete and bitternesse,

says Chaucer (*Parlement of Foules*, l. 160). The reading of Chaucer's works, set forth in a new and complete edition by William Thynne in the year 1532, caught the imagination of the poets at the Court of Queen Anne Boleyn, and furnished them with half their lore. It was in this volume that Howell read the story of Cressida, with its moral sequel, written by Robert Henryson and long attributed to Chaucer. Howell's poem 'Ruine the rewarde of Vice' (*Devises*, p. 18) points the moral of the story once again, in the stanza made famous by Chaucer. His conclusion is modelled, not on Henryson's poem, which ends with a grim epitaph, but on the half-passionate, half-humorous rhetoric wherewith Chaucer rounds his tale of love and perjury. It is a testimony to the greatness of Chaucer that he is loved by many who never tasted the delicacy of his irony. Howell echoes his cadences, but makes them the vehicle of flat sermonizing :

Loe here the end of foule defyled lyfe,
Loe here the fruite that sinne both sowes and reapes :
Loe here of Vice the right rewarde and knyfe,
That cuttes of cleane and tumbleth downe in heapes
All such as tread Dame Cressid's cursed steppes :
Take heed therefore how you your pryme do spende,
For Vice brings plagues, and Vertue happy ende.

With

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With Chaucer and Petrarch, Surrey and Wyatt, to study and imitate, Howell is well furnished as a tolerable minor poet. But he was touched also by later influences, and his verses bear witness to his interest in the literature of his own time. In one of his poems (*Devises*, p. 33), anticipating Shakespeare, he likens the life of man to a stage-play. In another (*Devises*, p. 92) he borrows from Gascoigne (*The Arraignment of a Lover*) an elaborate parable of a Law-court and the trial of a prisoner. His poem 'Discorde makes weake, what concorde left stronge' (*Devises*, p. 91) is probably a reminiscence of one of the dumb-shows interpolated in the fashionable tragedy of *Gorboduc*. He is never very happy with his borrowings, and it would be vain to attempt to claim for him a place among notable English poets. He is an average and typical Elizabethan rhymers, of fair accomplishments, one of a great multitude of pleasant sonneteering young gentlemen who practised poetry as an added social grace. Like a true Elizabethan, he uses a high-wrought and conceited style to express the every-day conclusions of sound sense and homely wisdom. 'I scorn and spue out,' says E. K., in his introductory epistle to *The Shepheards Calendar*, 'the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of poetically spirite had newly ravished them above the meannesse of common capacitie.' In his enthusiasm for Spenser, E. K. would no doubt have scorned and spued out Howell (who is much given to alliteration) along with the rest of the rout. But we who live in a later time, when the country is no longer 'pestered with infinite fardles of printed pamphlets tending in some respect to poetry,' can afford to pass a milder judgement. For us the value of Howell's faded finery is that it reminds us of that many-coloured world of music and idleness, and gallantry and romance, where the great Elizabethan poets had their nurture. Howell is one of the choristers of the days of Shakespeare's youth, when 'wild music burdened every bough,' when lutes and gitterns hung

in

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in every barber's shop for the use of the customers, and when every gentleman could bear his part in a glee or madrigal. The ordinaries of London and the aisles of St. Paul's were frequented by young gallants who wore their fortunes on their backs, and stuffed their heads with legends and fantasies. Guiscard and Gismunda, Luna and Endymion, Troilus and Cressida, were the saints of their idolatry. Every noble family maintained its journeyman versifier. If Howell deserves to be remembered as a poet, it is because there were hundreds like him, and because Shakespeare gained the better part of his education not on the benches of an academy, but at the court, and in the tavern, and on the street.

The poetry that dressed itself in these new Italianate trappings of far-fetched form and phrase was old-fashioned and rustic at heart. The squire's or farmer's son might make himself glorious in courtly apparel, but his wisdom of life was the wisdom of the ancient homestead; and his speech was 'full of wise saws and modern instances.' The Euphuism of Lyly is a compound of all that is extravagant in expression with all that is homely and commonplace in thought. Howell's work, like Lyly's, is a mine of popular proverbs, which he utters not without a certain air of pride, as if they were the gains of his own experience. His message to his age is the message of Polonius:

That lyfe is lyke a Bubble blowne, or smoke that soone doth passe,
That all our pleasures are but paynes, our glorie brittle glasse,
That Fortune's fruites are variable, no holde in Princely mace,
That women's myndes are mutable, that death drawes on apace;
That worldly pompe is vanity, that youth unwares decayes,
That high estate is slipperie, that onely vertue stayes. (*Deuises*, p. 11.)

His adages are scattered over his pages with a lavish hand. He offers to his patrons and friends wholesome advice, fresh from the country, where it is held in high esteem.

Count not the birds that undisclosed be,

he

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he says, translating the common lore of the country-side into the magniloquence of scholarly diction. From him we learn that—

Not all that glistereth bright may bear the name of gold;
that—

Wante makes the olde wyfe trot, the yong to run outright;
that—

Neede hath no lawe, some say; extremes, extremes doe urge;
that—

The Cat would faine eat fishe, yet loth her foot to wet;
and he takes to himself credit for promulgating these humble truths, which might have perished from the neglect of the great :

Feare not (quoth Hope) to shewe thy wylling will,
(Smale seedes sometyme may light on gratefull groundes :)
If none had wrote but Clarks of TULLIES skill,
Sweete sawes had suncke, which now aflote are founde;
Then cast of dread, dispayre no whyt at all,
Diseases great are cured with medicins small.

For all the triteness of his matter, Howell has some command over diverse forms of verse. In these pages are to be found the popular Chaucerian stanza, which Shakespeare used in *The Rape of Lucrece*, the six-lined stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, and a large variety of lyrical measures, including (*Devises*, p. 23) a song set to the refrain 'All of green Willow' which was made immortal by Shakespeare. The poem called *A Dreame* (*Devises*, p. 80) is written in a Quatorzain stanza the invention of which has commonly been attributed to Alexander Montgomerie, who used it in his poem of *The Cherrie and the Slae*. The *Devises* were published some sixteen years earlier than Montgomerie's poem, but the clumsiness and imperfection of Howell's handling of the metre show that he was not the inventor of the stanza. Perhaps it came to him from Scotland in the
retinue

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retinue of Queen Mary ; perhaps both Montgomerie and Howell are copying, with very different degrees of metrical skill, from some unknown original. In any case, here is the first appearance in print of a metre which gave Montgomerie a great part of his fame, and which was used by Burns in the *Jolly Beggars*. Further, the Sonnet, as Howell practises it, has the arrangement of rhymes and the cadences which are found in the Sonnets of Shakespeare, and in hardly any of the Sonnets of his contemporaries.

Without any claim, then, to be an artist in verse, Howell shows himself alert in the business of noting and imitating new-found measures. If his thoughts are not equally novel, that is not always a fault in poetry. Most of the great poetry of the world contains no original or surprising turns of thought, but gives perfect expression to ideas that are the common property of mankind. In this matter of expression Howell was earnest enough, continually amending and altering his epithets and phrases. But, after all, he is an apprentice, and no master ; his merits are derivative, and he has set no stamp of his own on the plastic language that he handled. He who walks in the sun (to apply to him one of the proverbs that he loved) must needs be sun-burnt ; and he who has the music of ancient poets ringing in his ears, must needs, in singing, hit upon some of their tunes. There is store enough, in these ‘*Delightful Discourses*,’ of good poetic material, some of which was put to nobler uses by later and better artificers. In ‘*Bewtie the bayte of Vanitie*’ Howell discourses on the text of not a few of Shakespeare’s Sonnets, and anticipates Shakespeare’s sentiments :

Yet Time on face so faire shall furrows plow,
And writhed wrinkles peer on blemisht brow.

So two of the lines run in *The Arbor of Amitie*. Howell was not satisfied with them, and in the *Devises* he substitutes ‘*polisht forme*’ for ‘*face so faire*.’ And then the same idea fell to be expressed by a great poet :

Time

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Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels on beauty's brow.

(SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* lx.)

Amend and polish as he might, Howell could not write like this. To treat him to another of his proverbs, it was his to beat about the bush, while others caught the birds. In the dramatic soliloquy of the betrayed and deserted girl (*Devises*, p. 64) there is an anticipation of some of the finest things in *The Affliction of Margaret*. The sense of friendlessness, and the fear of natural sights and sounds, to which Wordsworth has given high imaginative expression, is conceived with less energy by Howell, and is expressed, not without a certain grace of fancy, in the terms of a conventional mythology.

At strife to whom I might
Commit my secret tears,
My heart the mountains' sight
And hollow Echo fears.

I doubt the Dryades
Amidst the forest chace,
And thinking on the Seas,
I dread the Mermaids' grace.

What shall I trust the Skies?
Then me the Winds bewray;
Poor soul, whom Jove denies
Each captive doth betray.

There is some gift of imagination in this; and those students of poetry who can take pleasure even in undistinguished verse when it bears an accidental likeness to some of the great poetry of the world, will not be intolerant of Thomas Howell. If he is not loved for himself, he will be entertained in the name of his family, the poets of the age of Elizabeth. A modest apology for him might be entered in the words of one of those
extemporary

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extemporary rhymes wherewith Richard Tarlton, the father of low comedians, was wont to delight his audience in the earliest London theatres :

This one, perchance, you might know
By his dress and his shape,
(*Squeaking, gibbering, of every degree :*)
Is a poet : or, if he's not so,
He's a poet's ape :
(*He comes of a rare witty family.*)

This edition is an exact reprint of the Bodleian copy of the *Devises*. About a dozen obvious and trivial misprints (such as the printing of a full stop between the subject and the predicate of a short sentence) have been corrected. Others, to avoid the intrusion of anything like conjectural emendation, have been left standing.


WALTER RALEIGH.

OXFORD, 1906.

H.
His Deuifes, for his owne
exercife, and his
Friends pleaſure.
(:.)

Vincit qui patitur.



 *Imprinted at London, in*
Fleetſtreate, beneath the Conduite,
at the ſigne of the Saint Iohn
Euangelift, by H.
Iackſon.

ANNO. 1581.



✚ To the Right Honorable, and most
vertuous Lady, the Lady Marye
Countesse of Pembroke.

THE LITTLE POET ACCIUS NOT knowing which way to couer the smaleneſſe of hys perſon, which was ſomewhat leſſe then the meane, thought beſt to haue a great picture drawne for hys Counterfeyte: This Poet no doubt had ſome meaning in this deuife, for pictures often go there, where the perſon(s) whom they repreſent are not admitted: And it might be that ſtrangers ſeeing the great ſhape, would imagine Accius to be a tall man. Tewcer a cunning Archer, but a faynte harted Souldiour, then wanted no courage when he was cloſe couered with the Target of his brother Ajax. Vliffes, whoſe rype wyt made full amends for his weake body, thought no aduenture dangerous, though neuer ſo perillous, if he were protected with the ſhield of Pallas. So I right Noble Ladye knowing my abilitie to wryte, to bee farre leſſe then the perſon of Accius, and ſo more lykely to incurre more rebukes: my courage therfore more faynte then eyther Tewcers, or Vliffes, and ſo more needing ſome ſtrong defence, haue aduentured to place in the forefront of this little treatiſe, the tytle of your name, as a great portrature to a little body, as a ſure ſhield to a weake Warriour, as a ſafe defence againſt any danger. For as they which ſhould ſee the picture of Accius, would imagine it to aunſwere his perſon: ſo if the Reader hereof, behold your name in the fyrſt leaſe, he will deeme the whole Booke the more fruitfull, and the framer thereof the more ſkilfull: but if he ſhall once perceyue your Honor to be Patroneſſe to this labour, he will eyther loue it, bicauſe he doth honor you, or wil not dare to reproch it, bicauſe he perceyueth you are as ready, and knoweth you are as able to defend it, as eyther Ajax was to garde Tewcer, or Pallas to guyde Vliffes. I cannot right vertuous Ladye, imagine there was anye greater cauſe that might induce Accius to frame ſo bigge a picture: or cauſe Ajax to ſhielde Tewcer: or mooue Pallas to regarde the ſafety of Vliffes: then my ſelfe

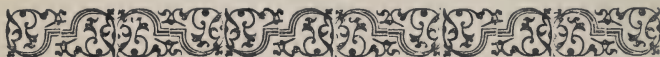
The Epistle.

now haue to vie your Honors defence. Accius his picture might with a stranger couer the shortnesse of his person: your name shall to the Reader be recompence for the greatnesse of my ignorance. Tewcer fled to Ajax bicause he was his owne brother: I presume to seeke ayde of your Honor, bicause I am your poore seruant. Pallas did defende Vlisses bicause shee knewe he followed and loued her: Your Ladiship (I trust) wyll be my protection, bicause I honor and serue you, which I haue done in tymes past, now doe, and euer hereafter wil do, in such sorte, that the worlde should be wytnesse, if my abilitie to shew it, were as great as my wil is ready to performe it, I would be found equal in dutiful zeale towards your Honor, to Vlisses in hartly affection towards Pallas. Therfore right Noble Lady, let me be bold to remember you in behalfe of my self, of that which Demosthenes is reported to haue spoken to Alexander, in defence of the Athenians. You haue (sayd he) most worthy Emperour, by fortune no greater good then that you maye: by nature no better giste then that you wishe to doe good to many. The credite and estimation your vertuous lyfe, and rare wisdome hath procured you: the honorable curtesie and sweete behaiour wherewith Nature hath plentifully endued you, shal not be eyther vnfitly or vnfruitfully vsed, if you shal vouchsafe to imploy the one in defence, and shew the other in good acceptance of this slender worke of your seruant, which as I did wryte at ydle times in your house, to auoide greater ydlenesse or worse busynesse: so I present it humbly vnto you, as a testimony of my bounden dutie, euer crauing your

Honor to pardon my bolde presumption: and styl beseeching
the Almightye to blesse you in earth with much
honour, and in heauen to crowne
you with eternall
felicitie.

 *Your Honors humble and faythfull*

Seruant. Tho: Houell.



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FINIS.



¶ To the Reader.

WHere none but Nature is the guyde, MINERVA hath no parte,
Then you her Nurcelings beare with him, y^t knows no aide of arte.
I wake my wits to please my selfe, nought reaking praise or blame,
I force my pen to purge my brayne, though matter small I frame.
In which attempt, if lack of skill, haue led my Muse awry,
Let my well meaning minde the misse, in eche respect supply.
If patterns wrought by Arte, of curious workman here thou seeke,
Thy trauayle then thou shalt but lose, to looke and neuer leeke.
But if good-will may thee suffice, peruse, and take thy pleasure,
In Natures schoole my little skill : I learned all by leasure.
Here nothing placed is, that may the vertuous sorte offende,
Though enuious Carpers barke and snarle, at things they scarce can mende.
Whose chiefeft grace is wise to seeme, by blotting others deedes,
Whose paynted flowers in prooffe full oft, fall out but stinking weedes.
The chaste desyre with honest ryme, mislikes no whitt in minde,
But venomde Spyders poyson take, where Bee doth honey finde.
With greater ease a fault is founde, then well to welde the reste :
It differs much to tell the tale, and words misplatte to wreste.
By patterns here displayed to thee, thou mayst perhaps preunte
The poysoning bayts of bitter sweete, whose blisse brings sharp euente.
Disloyall loue and filthie lust, thou here art taught to flee :
With other Sawes to fundry endes, though hewed rough they bee.
That lyfe is lyke a Bubble blowne, or smoke that soone doth passe,
That all our pleasures are but paynes, our glorie brittle glasse.
That Fortunes fruites are variable, no holde in Princely mace :
That womens myndes are mutable, that death drawes on apace.
That worldly pompe is vanity, that youth vnwares decays :
That high estate is slipperie, that onely vertue staves,
Here learne thou mayst : with diuers notes, gaynst fraude and flattery,
That may suffice to warne the wise, to voyde such battery.
And eke thou here mayst viewe and see, howe Bewtie cruell haste :
Doth make, to shun the gallant face, where she but late was platte.
That she is Natures priueledge, and so is sayd to bee
Because she seldom giues that gyfte, but where she cause doth see.

That

To the Reader.

That beawtie is a dumbe disceite, not hauing worde or arte :
And yet with filente crafte she can, perswade the hardest harte.
She conquers where she coms by kinde: for Creatures faire procure,
By naked lookes, such yeelding harts, as they wishe to allure.
Whose vayne delights if thou desier, thy thyrste goes to the grounde,
(And yet by honest loue we see, the greatest wealth is founde.)
APOLLOS troope my faults will passe, and waye my want herein,
Whose freindly fauor if I gaine, I prise not PAN a pin.
The trauell myne, the pleasure thine, if ought thou here doe leeke,
Thy good reporte, for paynes ymployed is sole rewarde I seeke.

Virtus honorem parit.

¶ Faults escaped in the printing. (†)

In the Sonet entiteled *Ruine the reward of Vice*, the seconde line, for ioy, reade ioyes. And in the fyft staffe of the same Sonet, the last line, for forling, reade falsing.

In the answer to the poesie written of Fanisie, the laste lyne, for you reade your.

In the *Golden world*, the xvij. vearse and fyrst word, for Gor, read For.
In the Sonet entiteled hir louer that made a conquest of hir, the viii. staffe, the last line, for shamefull, read shamelesse.

In *mans impietie*, *faines false deitie*, the first verse, for faine, read faynde.

In *Sorrowe disclosed somewhat eased*, for fetled sorrows, read sorrowe.

In *such saints*, *such service*, toward the ende of the Sonet, for when, read whence.

In *what Nature seuereth*, *arte hardly ioyneeth*, the laste line of the first staffe, for soone, read same.

In the *vanity of riches*, after the sixt line read, For who hath most of such a store, the more he feares as thrall. Which is there lacking.

In *Discorde makes weake*, *what*, &c. the last lyne saue one, for guyde, reade guyle.

In *Reason and fancie do often vary*, the first word, for there, read where.

(†) [These faults are corrected in this reprint, Oxford, 1906.]



☞ *Delightfull Discourses*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *No assurance but in Vertue.*

WHO wisely skans, the weake and brittle staves,
That Natures Imps, within thys vale possesse,
The dyuers haps, the straunge vncertayne wayes,
That headlong forth we runne beyonde all gesse,
Shall soone perceyue, that euery worldly ioye,
Short pleasures yeelds, imixte with long anoye.

Though whorde of heaped store, for more delight,
Our Cofers keepe, to please our greedie luste :
Yea, though our time we passe in ioyfull plight,
And in thys lyfe repose our chiefest trust,
Yet worldly pompe, when all is sayde and done,
Doth vade away, lyke Snowe against the Sonne.

A tyme of byrth Dame Nature doth vs giue,
A tyme to dye thee lykewise doth prouyde :
No sooner doe we fyrst beginne to liue,
But straight to death vnwares away we flyde,
And yet alas, our fancies are so frayle,
That all our ioye is here to hoyse vp Sayle.

But such as set their Heauen of lingering lyfe,
In pleasures lap, whose froward tickle wheele
(Sayth wisdoms sonne) with frowning turne is ryfe,
To drowne their blisse, that blyndly so doe reele,
By searche shall fynde, eche fleeting pleasure vaine,
When Vertues Impes, with Vertue highe shall raigne.

Then who so sees, the Sugar strawde on Gall,
And shunnes the same, by sacred Vertues skill :

B.j.

Shall

Delightfull Discourses

Shall safely stande, when Follyes children fall,
That heedlesse holde, Dame pleasures wanton will,
Thus Vertue stayeth, when Vices steps doe flyde,
So are they blest, that doe in Vertue byde.

*¶ Prosperitie ought not cause presumption, nor
aduersitie force dispayre.*

WHere Fortune fauoreth not, what labor may preuaile?
Whō frowning fate wil needs thrust down, what shal he win
With pacient mind to yeeld, is sure the soundest way, (to waile?
And cast our cares and grieve on him, that fatall force doth sway.
For Death with equall pace, doth passe to Princes gate,
And there as at the Cottage poore, doth knock in one like state.
The tyme or maner how, the highst no more can tell,
Then poorest Peysant placed here, in base estate to dwell.
Sithe then such feeble stay, in mortall might we finde,
Why should the wante of worldly drosse, in dole once daunt our minde.
The Tylman pore in toyle, that spends the weary day,
Whose welth will scarce supply his wante, when some whoorde heaps
Fals not to flat dispaire, ne yet his labor leaues, (y^e play.
Though scarce y^e stubble prooues his share, when others shock the
But liues with mind content, more free frō care & strife, (sheaues
Then those y^e hunger highest hap, where dangers dwel most rife.
Though prowde ambition blinde, puft vp with glory vaine,
Detest their state that riches wante, with hawty high disdain.
The Seas oft troubled are, by winds that whyrling flye,
When shallow streams yeeld water cleere, in vallis low y^e lye.
High Mountaynes set on fyre, by lightning eke we see,
When Pastures placed vnderneath, in nothing altered bee.
The formost fronte in fight, are nearest deadly wounde,
The lofty tree is soonst blowne down, & leueld with the ground.
So such as thirst to clymbe, to daunger most are thrall,
Whose slyding glory sawced is, with honey mixt with Gall.
For who so gript with grieve, if Fortune liste to lowre,
As those that earst did feede at full, vpon her fayrest flowre?

Which

to sundry purposes.

Which change full oft hath false, through her vnconstantnesse,
And whome she lately laught vpon, throwne downe remedileffe.
Was ALEXANDER great, that many daungers past,
For all his mightie conquest wonne, not slayne himselfe at last ?
A kings sonne eke I finde, for Fathers tyranny,
Constraynde to worke a Smith in Forge, by harde necessity.
Such is the fading force, of Fortunes fickle powre,
Whose fruitfullst fruite both rypes and rottes, in lesse space then an
Such is her tickle trust, such are her slipper steps, (howre.
That what she seemes to sowe in ioy, with sorrow oft she reaps.
Attribute all to him, that fate doth guyde therefore,
With wylling mind embrace thy lot, where rich thou be or pore.

¶ *Once warnde, twice armed.*

W Hylste slye deceyte, by sleight of smyling cheare,
Yeeldes tickling hope, to dandle on our dayes :
We dread no guyle, no doubling drift we feare,
Our sounde beliefe such setled trust doth rayse.
But when in fyne, we finde our selues misled,
We blame the frawde that so our fancies fed.

And gripte with griefe, our former trust we wayle,
Exclayming lowde that falshood so can fayne,
When glosing shewes clokt vnder friendships vayle,
Fals out but sleight, to foster hope in vayne.
Loe thus full oft, what deemde hath bene the sunne.
Prooue CYNTHIA findes, whose course more lowe doth runne.

As some haue tryde through time and trauell spente,
Who traynde by trust, haue deemde good hap there plapt,
Had swayed the soyle, where ruine all to rente,
Hath due defart, with rigour downe defast.
Whose shorte regarde, for long employed toyle,
May warne the wise of frawde to feare the soyle.

B.ii.

¶ *Flattery*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *Flattery the Vayle of Frawde.*

FAYRE words foule deeds, pretended and forethought,
Who can but hate, that holds the feare of God :
Fayne you that lyst, such praîse prooues but nought,
Vyle diuelishe driftes, prouoke IOVES wrathfull rod,
Which sure will fall, if we in synne perseuer,
Shame is the fruite, of frawde and foule endeuer.

Wherein beholde, some maske in Nettes at Noone,
Yet deeme they walke in clowdes of close disguise :
Hoyste vp in thought, to reache beyonde the Moone,
When all the worlde, their couert cunning spyes.
But these to name, my pen and speeche shall spare,
Who medleth least, least cumbred is with care.

It me suffizen may to note their driftes,
That weene by wyles, the worlde to weald at will :
Their glosing shewes, their slye and guylefull shiftes,
To trayne such on, as fynde not out their skyll.
Whose turnes to serue, though fooles a tyme be dandled,
The wyser wincke, that see how things are handled.

¶ *No greater contrariety, then in the passions of Loue.*

IN wyll to strong, in worke to weake is loue,
In hope to bolde, in feare more faynte then needes :
In thought a thousand guyles it stryues to proue,
In guyle, suspition painefull passions breedes.
Suspition easely yeelds to light beleefe,
And light beleefe to ieaiousie is thrall,
The ieaious mynde deuoures it selfe with grieve,
Thus loue at once doth frye, freefe, ryse and fall.
On pleasures paste to thinke, it takes delighte,
Whyles present blisse, by sonde conceyte it balkes,

Although

to sundry purposes.

Although the fruite it fynde, be penſiue plight,
For better chaunce, yet careleſſe on it walkes,
Theſe are the ſeedes that VENVS Baby ſowes,
As taſte they ſhall, the bitter crop that mowes.

¶ *In uttering of ſorrowe, ſome ſolace.*

MY carefull caſe, and penſiue pyning plight,
Conſtraynth my Pen, againſt my will to wright :
The plunged ſtate, wherein I lyue and dwell,
Doth force me forth, my dolefull tale to tell.

My heaped woes, all ſolace ſets aſyde,
Whoſe ſecret ſmarte (alas) I faine would hyde,
But as the ſubieſt Oxe, to yoke muſt yeelde,
So vanquiſht wightes, are forſte forſake the feelde.

My luckleſſe lotte, denies me all releife,
I ſeeke for helpe, but finde increaſe of grieve.
I languiſhe ſtill, in long and deepe diſpaire,
Yet ſhunne to ſhewe the cauſe of this my care.

I couet nought, that reaſon might denye,
Ne doe I ſeeke by meanes to mounte on hye :
But what I ſeeke, if I the ſame might finde,
Then eaſe ſhould be, mine vncontented mynde.

¶ *Miserie the ende of Letchery.*

O Fylthy Letchery,	Whoſe ſmoke is infamy,
Fyre of foule fraylty,	Whoſe ſparkes are vanity,
Nurſe to ympietie,	Whoſe flame obſcurity,
Warre, pryde and ielouſie,	Whoſe coles impurity,
Whoſe ſubſtance is gluttony,	And aſhes myſery.

B.iiij.

¶ *The*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *The paines of Louers great, but mine grievous.*

THe Frost in flame that Louers finde,
And swelting heat in chilly colde,
So quite contrary are by kinde,
As strange it seemeth to beholde,
Strange is the feare that makes them fainte,
And strange the care that chokes their ioy,
Yet stranger passions me attaynte,
The onely Nurffe of mine annoy.

¶ *Ruine the rewarde of Vice.*

TO you fayre Dames whose bewties braue do flourish,
To you whose daintie dayes in ioyes are spent :
To you whose prayse Dame Nature seekes to poolish,
To you whose fancie VENVS doth frequent.
To you I wryte with harte and good intent,
That you may note by viewe of what I say,
How Natures giftes soone vade and flyde away.

Your lostie lookes, time downe full lowe shall raze,
Your stately steps age eke will alter quite :
Your fraile defyre that kindleth CVPIDS blase,
Whose heate is prone to follow foule delight,
The whip shalbe, that shall you sharply smite :
When euery vice that sproong of Fancies fittes,
Repentance brings, to those the same committes.

Is not the pride of HELENS prayse bereft ?
And CRESSIDE staynde, that Troian Knight imbrafed :
Whose bewties bright but darke defame hath left,
Vnto them both through wanton deedes preferred.
As they by dynte of Death their dayes haue ended,
So shall your youth, your pompe, and bewties grace,
When nothing else but vertue may take place.

Then

to sundry purposes.

Then shake of Vice ye Nymphes of CRESSIDS Crue,
And Vertue seeke, whose praise shall neuer die :
With fylthie lust your bodies not imbrue,
As did this ILION Dame most wickedly,
Whose blisse by bale was plagude so greeuously,
That loe her lyfe in Lazars lodge she ended,
Who erst in Courte most curiously was tended.

Her Corps that did King PRIAMS sonne delight,
Consumde with cares, sent forth sad sighes full colde :
Her azurde vaynes, her face and skinne so white,
With purple spottes, seemde vgly to beholde.
Eche lymme alas corruption gan vnfolde,
In which distresse, and bitter straine of ruth,
She begges her bread, for falling fayth and truth.

No sorrow then might salue her lewde offence,
Nor raze the blotte that bred her black defame :
Her dolefull daies alas founde no defence :
Twas now to late to shunne the sheete of shame,
Which had bewrapt her wrackfull blemisht name,
So brode was blowne her crime and cursed case,
That worlds bewrayed her frowning fates disgrafe.

Loe here the ende of foule defyled lyfe,
Loe here the fruite that sinne both sowes and reapes :
Loe here of Vice the right reward and knyfe,
That cuttes of cleane and tumbleth downe in heapes,
All such as tread Dame CRESSIDS cursed steppes,
Take heede therfore how you your pryme do spende,
For Vice brings plagues, and Vertue happy ende.



Delightfull Discourses

¶ *The best Natures, soonest abused.*

BEtwixte my hope and dreade, grewe such debate,
When fyrst I fought these naked lynes to frame,
That long I pawfde, as doubtfull to dilate,
Whether best proceede, or else leaue of the same.
Tyll hope at last, dispayre doth banishe quight,
And wylles my Pen assay in verse to wright.

Feare not (quoth hope) to shewe thy wylling will,
(Smale seedes sometyne may light on gratefull grounde :)
If none had wrote but Clarks of TVLLIES skill,
Sweete fawes had sunck, which now afote are founde,
Then cast of dread, dispayre no whyt at all,
Diseases great are cuerd with Medicins small.

These cheerefull wordes, no sooner gan reuiue
My Muse, but straight in mynde I me bethought,
How GNATOS secte through flattery doe contriue,
Eche guilefull glose, tyll they their wyles haue wrought,
Whose great abuse, though briefly here I touch,
I spare to speake, what might be sayde of such.

Of friendship founde, though fundry yeelede a showe,
Yet fewe there be, in whome is tryed trust :
Such frawde in friendly lookes doth dayly growe,
That who most fawnes, ofte proues the most vniust :
Who sooner shall well meaning mindes betray,
Then such as best can SINONS pagent play.

As Saylers earst, by SIRENS songs alurde,
Deuoured were that lackt VLISSSES skill,
So Noble minds by such haue bene procurde,
To credite toyes, that turnde to greater ill.
The Serpent wise, to stop hir eares deemmes meete,
When Charmer seemes to charme with voyce most sweete.

For

to sundry purposes.

For lyke as shadowe plasfe before the eyes,
Is not the thing that it doth represent :
Nor al prooues Gold that shines when touchstone tries,
Though fayre it seeme vnto some foule intent :
No more doe words that passe from flattering sorte,
Yeele such effect as they doe oft report.

Some friendship faine to giue the greater gleeke,
Displeasures doubt another sort constraines :
To soothe vp things, which they perhaps mislike,
By meanes whereof vnseene, great mischiefe raignes.
Some fawne to serue their turne, where fortune smiles,
But if she frowne, they flee with all their wiles.

¶ Such shewes right well, compare may be to shade,
That feelde is seene, but where the Sunne doth shine :
For as those shapes with euery clowde doe vade,
So Flatterers faile if Fortune once decline.
Vse Serpents skill against this subtile kinde,
Floodes drowne no Fields, before some brack they finde.

As fyre doth fine, and seperate Golde from drosse,
And shews the pure and perfite from the vyle :
So tryed is when wrackfull stormes doe tosse,
The faythfull friend from such as meane but guyle.
For like as Doues delight in buyldings newe,
To CRESSVS Court, so flocks COREBVS crewe.

Let wisedome therfore weld your wayes and deedes,
Whose prudent poise brings darkest doubts to light :
To quick mistrust in trustiest, treason breeds,
The hastie credite oft deemes wrong for right.
Accounte of those, whome Vertues raigne doth guyde,
For such will stande, when glosing GNATOS slyde.

C.j.

¶ He

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *He lykeneth his lotte to Virgils.*

THough VIRGILS Vearse, for loftie style were rare,
Surmounting farre my feeble Muses might :
Yet in this poynte my case I may compare
With his, what tyme another claymde his right,
And say with him, though I the seede did sowe,
Another seekes the fruite therof to mowe.

Like as the toying Oxe the Plow doth pull,
And hath but stalkes, when others share the eares :
Or as the sheepe that Nature clothes with wooll,
Brings forth the Fleece, the shearer from him sheares,
Euen much alike it fareth now with me,
That forst the ground, where others reape the Fee.

I bred the Bees, thou wouldst the Honey haue,
I tylde the soyle, thou seekst by guyle the gaine :
I owe the Tree, thou doest the branches craue,
Thou prickst for prayse, where none but I tooke paine.
What deedes denie, some wyne by naked wordes,
I hatchte the broode, though thou possesse the byrdes.

Who so doth holde the light, whilst others Maske,
No Masker is perdie, you know right well :
Nor all whose shewes would clayme the greatest taske,
Deferues the same, when truth her tale doth tell,
Though mine the wrong, yet seemes the losse so light,
As shame forbids me more therof to write.



¶ *All*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *All of greene Willow, Willow, Willow, Willow,
Sithe all of greene Willow shall be my Garland.*

IMbrace your Bayes sweetely, that smile in loue[s fight,]
And deck you with Lawrell, that dwell in delight :
To me most vnhappy, still spurnde by dispight,
Is giuen writhed Willows to expresse my state right.

Pursuing the PANTHER whose sweete doth abound,
A most cruell Viper my hard fate hath found :
Whose nature to Spyders I well may compare,
That mercyleffe murders, whats caught in her snare.

The Lyon doth tender the beast that doth yeelde,
The Tyger seemes constant, once conquerd in field :
BELLONA shewes fauour to Captiues that sue,
But VENVS refuseth my dolours to rue.

How shall I to ease me vnburden my brest,
Of these pensiuie passions that breeds my vnrest :
When speech wanteth powre, when voyce is vnpreft,
And wyt wanteth cunning to compasse loues heft.

Yet what auayles words, where eares words doe flee,
Though words to the minde, true messengers bee ?
Or what vayleth wyt, where wyll is vntowarde ?
The sacrifice lost, where Saints be so frowarde.

¶ *All of greene Lawrell.*

TO sing of sorrowe still,
Attending VENVS will,
Were now but lack of skill,
Pittie lyes deade :

C.ij.

Then

Delightfull Discourses

Then cast of mourning cheare,
Let ioyfull plight appeare,
Where cloudes doe neuer cleare,
 Comfort is fledde.
Looke vp to the Lawrell, and let Willow goe,
And trust to the true friend, embrace not thy foe,
 Sing all of greene Lawrell:
By trauaile who stryue, to winne thankelesse wight,
Is lyke one that washeth a black a Moore white,
 Let all of greene Lawrell bedeck thy Garland.
Though some distill their teares,
That wrythed Willow weares,
Yet fainte not at their feares,
 Seeme not to dread:
The wisest haue done so,
The Valiant wrapt in wo,
Haue taken ouerthrow,
 By Fancie led.
Where wyt is constraind by will to giue place,
Their songs are of sorrow, that ioyes would embrace,
 Sing all of greene Lawrell.
Let no deceytfull shewes of VENVS bright shine,
Haue power once to pierce the founde harte of thine,
 So shall the greene Lawrell set forth thy garland.
Waygh not the wauering minde,
That fleetes with euery winde,
Tyll thou some stay doe finde,
 Trust not to farre.
Vnto Dame Constancy,
Bende still thy battery,
Flye fast from flattery,
 With bewtie make warre.
So shall thy well lyking not harme thee at all,
For fayth fixed firmly, such fauour will fall,
 That all of greene Lawrell, &c.

When

to sundry purposes.

When others in dolor their wrack shall bewayle,
Thy shyp on the sounde seas in safetie may sayle,
Where crownde with greene Lawrel, in ioy thou shalt sing.

¶ *No newe fancies, shall alter olde lyking.*

THough PARIS prayse, APOLLOS Impe gan stayne,
When change of choyce his fickle humor fedde,
And CARTHAGE cryes, with strayned voyce complayne,
On periurde Prince, by night that faithlesse fledde.
Though IASONS heste MEDEA founde vntrue,
And others mo there be whose fancye past :
That skorne the olde still haunting after newe,
Wythin whose hartes no leeking long may last,
Yet tyll syr PHEBUS beames shall lose their light,
And Ocean Seas doe cease to ebbe and flowe :
Vntill the day shall turne to perfite night,
And Natures course against her kinde shall goe.
My fixed fayth vnspotted shall remayne,
What would you more, I vowe I doe not fayne.

¶ *A Dreame.*

WHEN PHEBUS bright was setled in the West,
And darknesse dimme, the earth had ouerspread :
When sylent night, that moues eche thing to rest,
With quyet pawse, had plaste me in my bed,
In slombring Dreame, me thought I heard a wyght,
His woes bewayle, that grewe through loues despyght.

Whose wearing weede and vestures all were greene,
Saue that his loynes with black were girded rounde :
And on his brest a badge of blewe was seene,
In signe his fayth and truth remayned sounde.
He sighed oft and said, O blissful hier,
When hope with hap, may ioye in his desier.

C.iiij.

But

Delightfull Discourses

But still to hope, and finde therein no fruite,
To be in bed, and restlesse there remayne :
To seeke to serue, and daylie make pursute,
To such as set but light of weary payne,
Doth breede such balefull dole within the brest,
As quyte bereaues all ioye and quyet rest.

Though taste of sower, deserue the sweete to gayne,
Yet cruell Fate I see the same denyes :
So that defyre and wifdome prooues but vayne,
Without accorde and fauour of the Skyes.
But stedfast hope, seeme not (quoth he) to quayle,
The heauens in tyme, may turne to thine auayle,
Scarfe had he thus his wofull speeche concluded,
When wake I did, and sawe my selfe deluded.

¶ The lamentable ende of Iulia Pompeis Wyfe.

SOre plunge in greeuous paynes and wofull smarte,
Bedewed with trickling teares on Death like face :
Downe trylles the drops on cheekes & sighs from hart,
To heare and see her husbands dolefull case.
Thus goes thys spouse, the wofull IVLIA,
Besprent with bloud, when POMPEIS Cote she saw.

Downe dead she falles in lamentable founde,
Of fence bereft (so great was forrowes strayne)
The chylde conceyde within by deadly wounde,
Vntymely fruite came forth with pinching payne.
When all was done, for loue her lyfe she lost,
For POMPEIS sake, shee yeelded vp her Ghost.

So dead she laye, bewaylde with many teares,
A Matrone wife, a famous Ornament :

to sundry purposes.

O CÆSAR she had seene full cheerefull yeares,
If thou with POMPEY couldst haue bene content,
But ciuill warres hath wrought this fatall stryfe,
To POMPEY death, to IVLIA losse of lyfe.

¶ *Secrecy, for some sorrowes, a needefull remedy.*

L Ike as the captiue Wight, in chayned lincks doth lye,
And hopes at Sife to be releast, is thē condemde to dye.
Euen so alas my lot, by frowning fate doth fall,
That sought to feede on sweete delight, but found most bitter
My restlesse labor lost, I iustly may compare, (Gall.
To SISIPHVS that neuer sleepes, and grieve to TITIVS care.
For after sundry stormes, when calme I thinke to finde,
More rougher rage a new doth rise, to straine my daunted minde.
And when my quelling cares, I seeke by meanes to cure,
Most deepest dynte of inwarde woe, alas I doe endure.
PROMETHEVS pinchd with payne, nor IXION whyrlede on wheele,
More grypes by grieve doe not sustaine, then I vnhappy feele.
The somme of my vnrest, yet couert will I keepe,
And secretly my sorrowes sup, when others sounge doe sleepe.
To ease my pensyue brest, a Vearse though here I frame,
The bursting forth of sorrowes mine, shal breed no further blame.
My sydes shall shryne this smart, my hart shall wast with woe,
Ere I the secrete of my cause, bewray to friend or foe.
Saue onely to the Saint, that swayes my lyfe at wyll,
Whose pittie may prolong the fame, or crueltie may kyll.

¶ *The ende of lyfe, the beginning of blysse.*

W Hy shoulde we feare to dye?
Or seeke from Death to flye,
When Death the way doth make,
Eche worldly woe to flake,
By whome we passe to ioye,
Where neuer comes annoye.

Our

Delightfull Discourses

Our tryflyng triumphs heere,
Though we esteeme them deere,
Are like to vapours vayne,
That waste with little rayne,
Deluding Dreames in deede,
Whereon our fancies feede.



What yeelde our pleasures all,
But sweetenesse mixt with Gall,
Their pryme of chiefeft pride,
Vnwares away doth slide,
Whose shewe of sweete delight,
Oft dymmes our perfyte sight.

Though LOVE in loftie seate,
Haue placed Princes great,
With Regall rule to raigne,
His glory to explaine,
Yet vades their pompe and powre,
As doth the wythred Flowre.



Loe here the surest staye,
The worlde doth yeelde vs aye,
Thy dearest friend to daye,
To morrow falles away,
Whose wante thou doest bewayle,
When teares may nought preuayle.

Sithe lyfe is myserie,
Voyde of felicitie,
Full of anxietie,
Giuen to impietie,
The death I happy call,
That doth bereaue such thrall.



to sundry purposes.

¶ *They sooneſt yeelde remedy, that haue felt
lyke extremitie.*

THe flames of fyre and cloudes of cold, repugnant in my brest,
Hath quite exiled me from ioy, and reſt all quiet reſt.
Yet oft (alas) in ſhewe I ſmile, to ſhade my inwarde ſmarte,
When in my laughter waues of woe, well nie do burſt my harte.
Whoſe driery thoughts I would to God, were ſeene ſo ful to thee,
As mine afflicted minde in payne, doth powre them out on mee.
So ſhould perhaps thy frozen hart, now harde as Flintie ſtone,
Within thy brest wth melting teares, take ruth on this my mone.
But as he well cannot diſcerne, what tempeſt Saylers trye,
That neuer croſt the checking tydes, y^t ſurge with waues on hye.
No more canſt thou my cares deſcry, for wante of ryper ſkill,
Although in deede the ſhewes thereof, doe pleade for pittie ſtill.
In vayne therefore my penſiue plaintes, by Pen I doe expreſſe,
When both thy will and want of ſkill, denies to yeelde redreſſe.
The cruell fates (I feare) forbids, that I ſuch bliſſe ſhould finde,
Or ſacred love ſome other hap, hath to my ſhare aſſigne.

¶ *A Poefie.*

Sithe follye tis to wiſhe, what may not be enioyed,
And wiſdom to eſchew the harmes, wherwith we are anoyed.
Let reaſon guyde thy thoughts, when fancie moſt doth fight,
And count him victor of the Field, that conquers bewties might.

¶ *Vnthankfulneſſe of minde, a monſter
in Nature.*

ON thankleſſe Friend, whoſe trauayle is imployde,
With Aſſes Damme ſhall reape ingratefull meede:
Whoſe wanton Fole by her ſweete mylke acloyde,
Oft kicks the Nurſe, that doth it choycely feede.

D.j.

As

Delightfull Discourses

As doe the Vipers broode, whose yongling long,
When mothers care with tender loue hath cherisht:
Requite the same with such vngratefull wrong,
That in rewarde, her lyfe by them is perisht.
Whose Nature is vnkindly to deuoure,
The wombe whence fyrst they tooke their lyuing powre.
To whom we may the vngratefull forte compare,
That Viper lyke seeke spoyle, where they should spare.

¶ *Noble minds eyther conquer, or couer.*

AS SCIPIO smylde to cloke his couert smarte,
What tyme he sawe his happy state decline:
So some alike doe shadowe grieve of harte,
With outwarde myrth, when inwardly they pyne.
And to the worlde yeelede forth such shewes of ioye,
As fewe would deeme, they once did tast annoye.
When they in deede, with SCIPIOS grieve complayne,
Their short regarde, for long employed payne.

¶ *Vng ie seruirey.*

TO serue but one, a constant courage showes,
Who serueth more, he rightly serueth none:
Base is the minde that bends to many Bowes,
Next God, a Prince we ought obey but one.
One God, one Prince, he serues, defends and feares,
Vng ie seruirey, for his worde that beares.

¶ *Doe, or be still.*

THe shallow streames, doe murmur more then deepe,
And Cowards bragge, that dares no weapons prooue:
Those Dogs byte least, that greatest barkings keepe,
Some do but fayne, whose shewes seeme farre in loue.
Sounde is the Tree, whence friendships fruite doth spring,
Doe or be still, let none but SYRENS sing.

¶ *He*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *He denies quickly, that giues slowly.*

L Ingring delayes, slacke payments doe foreshowe,
Better no promise, then no performance:
Steight are the sorrowes, flakte with comforts slowe,
Eyth er fende, or ende, yeelede some assurance.
Shyfting delaye, mislyking oft doth breede,
They foone denye, whose Suters slowly speede.

¶ *Women are wordes, Men are deedes.*

IF nought but wordes in women to be founde,
Then what are they, men, women, or Monsters,
That yeelede lyke fruite? or else a hollowe founde,
Which substance none, but ayre forth vtters.
By deedes and not by words, men praise obtayne,
Monsters, no men, whose deedes their words doe stayne.

¶ *Enuye euer depraueth deserte.*

THou snarling Curre, that crept in Maunger lyes,
And lets the Courser there to reache his right:
Thy malice great, and swelling false surmise,
Thou out shouldst barke, before thou secrete bite.
But sythe thy cankered nature (needes I see,)
Must byte or burst, I open warre denounce,
Against thy kinde, what euer so thou bee,
Which seeks by guile our buyldings downe to bownce.
With SYRENS voyce thy tune thou seekst to fayne,
As though in deede our braynes so barren were:
We could not compasse tryflyng toyes most playne.
Vnlesse our light we sought some other where.
Thou barkst abroad of Bookes, from whence it came,
But can thy head (in fayth) no better gesse:

D.ij.

The

Delightfull Discourses

The toyes themfelues doe bid thee ceafe for shame,
Left more thou ſpurne, more folly thou expreſſe.
Well Momvs mate, and ſonne of ZOVLvs ſecte,
That ſo canſt carpe at euery wylling minde :
Raze nothing downe, till ſomething thou erecte,
Spare others ſpoyle, ſythe nought in thee we finde.
Let them enioye the fruites of their deſyre,
That ſeekes good will, and craues no other hyre.

¶ *A Winters Morning muſe.*

AS by occaſion late, towards BRVTVS Citie olde,
With quiet pace alone I rode, in winter ſharp & colde.
In my delating brains, a thouſand thoughts were fed,
And battailewiſe a warre they made, in my perplexed hed.
I thought on tymely change, and muſde on yerely waſte,
How winter aye deuours the welth, that pleaſant ſommer plaſt.
I ſawe the naked Fields vnclouthd on euery ſide,
The beaten buſhes ſtand al bare, that late were deckt with pride.
Whoſe fainting ſap was fled, and falne from top to roote,
Eche tree had newe caſt of his Cote, and laid him at his foote.
The ſmale and ſyllie Byrds, ſat houerling in the hedge,
And water Fowles by Wynter forſt, forſooke the Fenny ſedge.
Thus Nature altering quite, her earthly childrens cheere,
Doth ſhewe what brittle ſtay of ſtate, and feeble holde is heere.
Who as in ſlender things, ſhe ſhewes her yerely might,
So doth ſhe like attempt her force, in all degrees aright.
For as I muſing rode, I plainly might perceauē, (bereauē.
That like both change and chance there was, mans ſtate that did
I ſawe the mounting minde, that clymbde to reach the Skyes,
Aduanced vp by Fortunes wheele, on tickle ſtay that lyes,
Fall ſoone to flat decay, and headlong downe doth reele,
As fickle Fortune liſt to whyrle, her rounde vnſtable wheele.
Was neuer Prince of power, ſo ſafe in his degree,
But deemde ſometime the meaner ſort, to ſyt more ſure then hee.
Then

to sundry purposes.

Then to my selfe I sayde, if Fortune stande vnfore,
And highest type of worldly hap, vncertaine doe endure.
Why thirst we so to raigne? why hunger we for heape?
Why presse we forth for worldly pompe, wth brech of quiet sleape?
Which lyke a Mothe eates out, the gaine of godly lyfe,
With all that stretch their vaine desyre, to wrest thys worlde in stryfe.
Whose fruite of toying paine, by sweate and sorrow sought,
Is lost in twinkling of an eye, our name consumde to nought.
Yea though by worldly wyles, we thousande driftes deuise,
A God there is that laughes to scorne, the wisedome of the wise.
When thus along my waye, I diuersly had musde,
I found whome Fortune high did heaue, on sodaine she refusde.
Then he by Vertue stayde, me thought the rest did passe,
So farre as doth the purest Golde, the vile and basest brasse.
Euen he I deemed blest, that wearing Vertues Crowne,
Doth liue contēt, not caring ought, how Fortune smile or frowne.

¶ Mans lyfe likened to a Stage play.

Sithe earth is Stage whereon we play our partes,
And deedes are deemde according to desertes,
Be warie how thou walkst vpon the same,
In playing thy parte, thy course vprightly frame.

Remember when thy tale is tolde, straight way
Another steps on stage his part to playe,
To whome thou must resigne thy former state,
As one that hath already playde his mate.

All welth, pompe, powre, high hap and princely Mace,
Must yeelden be to such as shall take place,
As things but lente, to play our parts withall,
Our meede no more, then our desertes doe fall.

Not he that playeth the stateliest parte most praise,
Nor he that weares the ryches robe alwaies,

D.iiij.

But

Delightfull Discourses

But he whose Vertues shall exceede the reast,
How so his seate be with the great or least.

Take heede therefore, and kepe eche Cve so right,
That Heauen for hyre vnto thy lotte may light.
With greedie minde so wrest not worldly gayne,
That foule doe spill, for flyding pleasures wayne.

Suffised be with that sufficient is,
And seeke the things that bring eternall blisse,
So shalt thou here not onely purchase prayse,
But after eke enioy most happie dayes.

¶ *To his Mistresse.*

MAye name of seruauant, to familier seeme,
For such whose seruice neuer swarude away?
Can Noble mindes so base of those esteeme,
That freely yeelde for them to liue or dye?
No, no, some further fetche conceyued is,
Which hath withdrawne from me that wonted name:
How so it be, if I be more amisse,
Then founde good will hath once defarued blame.
The wrekfull Gods powre downe vpon my hed,
Such sharpe reuenge as neuer man did feele:
And let my Ghost in LYMBOS lowe be led,
To TANTALS thyrst, or prowde IXIONS wheele.
What wouldst thou more? if I not wishe thee well,
In PLVTOS Den, then let me lyue and dwell.



¶ *Rewarde*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *Rewarde doth not alwayes aunswere deserte.*

Sith my defyre is prest to please,
Though not with glosing shoue :
And eke my deeds if prooffe were made,
Should tell what fayth I owe.
Whereto shall I impute my hap,
To Fate or wante of skill :
When nought I finde but tickle trust,
Where most I meane good will.

¶ *Who hurte, must heale.*

THe sparkes of loue within my brest, doe daylie so increafe,
That euery vain on fyre is set, which none but thou mayst cease.
So that in thee consists my woe, in thee likewise my wealth,
In thee with speede to hast my death, in thee to giue me health,
O pittie then his restlesse state, that yeeldes him to thy will,
Sithe loe in thee it wholly lyes, my life to faue or spill.
That neyther doe I glose or faine, I loue to witnesse call,
Who knows the heat of fired harts, when they to loue are thrall.
And shall I thus a wofull Wight, in rigor still remayne ?
Shal such as smale good wil me beare, thy grace frō me restrayne (?)
Shall false perswasion so preuaile, to let our wished ioye ?
Or else shal want of pynning welth, retract my iust desier.
Do not the Gods at pleasure theirs, the lowe estate raise higher ?
Is not the worlde and all therein, at their disposing still ?
Doth it not rest in them to giue, and take from whom they will.
No recklesse race then shalt thou runne, ne follow vaine delight,
In yeelding help to cure his harme, that holds thee dearest in fight.
Ne yet from tip of Fortunes wheele, thou shalt ne slide nor swarue,
Such hope I haue of better hap, the Fates do yet reserue.
Thy person, not thy pelfe, is all I wishe and craue,
Which more I vowe I do esteeme, then heaps of coyne to haue.

D.iiij.

The

Delightfull Discourses

The greatest Princes aye by prooffe, lead not the pleasantst lyfe,
Nor euery maide that maryeth welth, becomes the happiest wyfe.

¶ Of Loue.

ANd if Loue be Lorde, who or what is he?
If Loue be not, who then bereaues my rest?
If no fuche thing, alas what ayleth me?
What breeds fuche broyle, what woundes my yeelding brest?
To tell what tis, doth passe my knowledge farre,
But who so loues I see doth liue in warre.

¶ Of Bayes and Willow.

SHewe forth your Bayes that boaste of sweete delightes,
For I ne may such bliffull hap attayne:
The Willow branche most fit for wofull wightes,
Beholde I beare, a badge of secreet payne.
Which loe my fides enshryne, and shall doe still,
Till cruell Fate hath wrought on me her will.



¶ An Epitaph vpon the death of the Lady Katherine, late Countesse of Pembroke.

IF fuche doe mourne, whose solace is bereft,
And sighs seeme sharpe to those whom sorrowes sting:
If cares increafe where comforte none is left,
And griefs do grow, where pensiue thoughts do spring
Then be we sure, our Lorde in sadde annoy,
Doth wayle her death, whose lyfe was all his ioy.

If he (alas) with sobs her losse bemones,
May seruauents spare their sighes abroad to sende?

Shall

to sundry purposes.

Shall they in secret shrowde their gryping grones,
When maysters playnts may haue no power to ende?

No, no, deepe dole our penfue fides would pearce,
If we in teares our sorrowes not rehearce.

Then mourne with me my wofull fellows all,
And tryll your teares your drooping cheekes adowne :
Gulhe forth a gulfe of griefes, let floodes downe fall,
To wayle her wante, that sprang of high renowne.

Who whyles she liude, did sundry seeke to ayde,
But Death, O Death, thou hast them all difmayde.

The cheerefull spring that doth eche soyle adourne,
With pleafant showes, whereby delight is taken :
Doth moue our mindes, alas the more to mourne,
Our Ladie lost in fource of sorrowes shaken.

Which loe in Ver to heauen hath tane the waye,
To her great gayne, but oh to our decaye.

If Princes loue, if husbands care or Coyne,
If Noble friends, if prooffe of Phisicks lore :
By long attempt could sicknesse vndermoyne,
Or search of forrein soyle might health restore.

We should not yet haue seene the sonne to vade,
Whose clipfed light, hath turnde our shyne to shade.

But when the twyfte of this our tyme is wownde,
No meanes by man may serue the same to stretch :
Our lottes are layde, our bodyes haue their bownde,
Tyme swiftly runnes with short and curelesse breach.

Though world we weld in seate of Princely sway,
Yet swarues our state, as shade that flydes away.

The glittering shewes of highest glory heere,
Consumes to nought, like cloudes disperst with winde :

E.j.

And

Delightfull Discourses

And all that Nature from the earth doth reare,
Returns againe, whence first it came by kinde :
But Vertues webbe, which loe this Lady sponne,
Shall last for aye, now thefe her dayes be done.

Her praise on earth lyke Palme shal florish still,
Her Noble deedes shall liue and neuer dye :
Her sacred steps that fought eche vice to kill,
Shall mounte aloft, though lowe in earth she lye.
Who euen when latter pangues opprest her most,
Did mercy craue in yeelding vp the Ghost.

What would you more, her lyfe and death was such,
As deeper head could not commend to much.

Ultimum vale.

*F*arewell thou Pearle that Princes fauour founde,
Farewell the Saint that shielded our annoy :
Farewell the Hauen whose harbor was full sounde,
Farewell the Barke that brought her Chiefetaine ioy.

Farewell thou Spowse to him that held thee deare,
Farewell the Lampe that gaue such gladsome light :
Farewell of modest Dames a Mirrour cleare,
Farewell the shryne where vertue shyned bright.

Farewell thou minde that mente to no wight ill,
Farewell the harte that lodged honor aye :
Farewell the hande that helpt the needie still ;
Farewell the staffe that fought the weake to stay.

Loe here in teares my last farewell I take,
What Heauens will haue, the earth must needes forsake.

to sundry purposes.

¶ *In aduersitie, is best seene Vertues
excellency.*

W^Hen Boreas rough, had leauelesse left eche tree,
And horie HIEMS gan his raigne to holde :
In walking forth, I might discerne and see,
A stately Palme, her branches greene vnfolde.
At sight whereof, when I a tyme had mused,
By malice meanes, I sawe the tree abused.

I sawe howe swelling Enuye in the top,
Sat shrowded close, embracing flaunders cup :
By whome stoode Hate, aye ready prest to crop,
Ech springing spray, so soone as they shot vp.
And Flattery eke, did fiske from place to place,
By SYNONS arte, to seeke the Palmes disgrace.

As Tennys Ball, yet make(s) the highest bownde,
When greatest powre is plashte to presse the fame :
Or as a Bell sends forth the brimmett fownde,
When deepest downe the Ringer plucks the frame.
Euen so in sort, this Tree did rise and spring,
That Enuye fought by burden low to bring.

Which to your vertues may alude right well,
Though Malice fainte, to matche you with her might :
Yet fewe so sure in these our dayes doe dwell,
That Enuye neuer spurnes with deepe dispight.
If such then be, or if hereafter shall,
The Gods graunt you, as to the Palme doth fall.



E.ij.

¶ *Sorrowe*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *Sorrowe disclosed, somewhat eased.*

Sithe kindled coales clofe kept, continue longeſt quick, (prick.
And ſecret ſmarte with greater power, the penſiue mind doth
Why ſhould I cloke the grieſe, from whence ſuch paſſions grow,
Vnleſſe my braine by Pen I purge, my breſt they ouerflow.
When night with quyet pauſe, eche creature calſ to reſt,
Through quelling cares & pinching thoughts, I lye ſo ſore opreſt,
That from my ſetling downe, vntill the tyme I riſe,
Sleepe hardly wins the force to cloſe, my watchful drooping eies.
The Skrich Owle me beſides, her dolefull tunes doth ſhreeke,
Whoſe cryes my cares may repreſent, that reſt in vaine do ſeeke.
To thinke on the miſhaps, which daylie me betyde,
When ſureſt hope of ſweete redreſſe, I ſee away doth flyde.
The hardeſt harte by prooſe, doth yelde an inwarde pante,
When good deſyres are depreſt, by wrack of Irvs wante.
Wante makes beſt natures fall, that elſe would vpright ſtand:
Want makes the valiant faynt in feares, though ſtrong be harte
Want drowns in dollor deepe, the pleaſants(t) wits y^t bee, (& hand.
Want daunts the fiſte conceited head, and makes it dull we ſee.
Wante makes the olde wyfe trot, the yong to run outright,
Wante makes the nobleſt hart & mind, to ſeeme but baſe in ſight.
Wante makes the Lyon ſtowte, a ſlender pray to leeke,
Want plucks the Pecocks plume adown, want makes y^e mighty meeke
Want is the ſowrce whence ſorrows ſpring, y^t haſts y^e lifes decay,
Want loads the hart with heaped cares, that cruſh al ioyſ away.
Neede hath no lawe ſome ſay, extremes, extremes doe vrge,
The paſſions that by want do pain, what phiſick wel may purge?
Vnhappy is the hower, that ſuch ſharp ſickneſſe brings,
And thriſe vnhappy is the wretch, whom want ſo deadly ſtings.
Aye me that ſuch ſowre ſawce, falſe Fortune ſhould procure,
When ſlylie forth ſhe ſeemes to throw, her traine on golden lure.
By ſleight whereof ſhe doth, a piercing poyſon place,
Ful cloſely coucht on pleaſant bayte, to worke our more diſgrafe.

As

to sundry purposes.

As I but lately tryed, who doe her guyle so taste,
That secretly I sup the smarte, that my good dayes defaste.
The time that I began to enter fyrst to lyfe,
Would God the sisters three had cut, the threed with fatall knyfe.
Would God that Death had bene, with bowe and arrows bente,
To pierce the woful hart of mine, which now with care is spent.
Whose hard and crooked fate, increasing euery hower,
Doth force me wake when others sleepe, where Fortune doth not lower.
And when the dawning daye, I doe perceyue and see,
And how syr TYTAN vaunts himselfe, full braue in fyrst degree,
Whose gladfome golden beames, doe moue eche thing to ioye,
Saue onely me, whose wrackfull woes, haue wrought my sadde annoy.
Then from my couch I creepe, al clad with cloke of care,
And forth to walke in desarte woodes, my selfe I doe prepare.
Where none but wofull wights, do wandring waile their grieve (,)
Where violence doth vengeance take, where neuer comes relief.
Where pleasure playes no parte, nor wanton lyfe is ledde,
Where daintie lookes no danger makes, nor nice desyre is fedde.
Where former ioyes do vade, and turne to passions strange,
Where al delights condemnde are shut, in sharp repentāce grange (.)
Where setled sorrowe sits, with head hangde on her brest,
And wrings her hands for follies past, her present paines y^t prest.
Where Dolor ruthfull Dame, with sad Dispaire doth dwell,
Where Furies fierce doe swarme & flock, not distant farre from Hell.
Euen there in dolefull Den, driue forth I doe the day,
Whereas my painefull piercing woes, at no time finde delay.
Within whose troubled head, such throng of thoughts do rise,
That nowe on this, and then on that, in minde I still deuise.
Among great thoughts throwne vp, I downe will set the least,
How syllie birde in prison pente, tane from the Nurse in nest.
Doth ioye in that her lyfe, so much as though she might,
From wood to wood, or felde to felde, at pleasure take her flight.
By whome I learne how man, from Cradle aye brought vp,
In base estate that neuer felt the taste of pleasures Cup,
Doth holde himselfe so well, content with his degree,
That he in lyfe doth seldome seeke, his state more high to see.

Delightfull Discourses

But I as Byrde vnylike, that flewe in prime her flight,
Through gallant groues & fertyle fields, in ioyes & sweete delight.
Which shall no sooner feele her selfe to be restraynde,
From her such wonted libertie as sometime she retaynde,
But forthwithall she doth, such inwarde woe conceyue,
That yeelding vp her pleasures past, her life therwith doth leaue.
When as the byrde in Cage, doth sporting sing and playe,
Who neuer found the place wherein, she felt more happy daye.
Loe thus the greater oft, are taught by things but small,
To knowe what restlesse grieve it breedes, from fortunes grace to fall.
I therefore wishe my lyfe, which all to long doth laste,
In symplest sort had euer bene, from tyme to tyme ypaste.
So I by custome should, haue likt my present paye,
Which now by tast of wrackfull change, in woe do wast awaye.

Omnis fortuna superanda ferendo est.

Of sufferance comes ease.

WHo wayles at paine of sorrowes deadly smarte,
By wayling much encreaseth sorrowes might:
In greatest griefes who shewes the quiets(t) harte,
By pacience driues sharpest grieve to speedy flight.
Repine, grieve growes, be still, grieve soone decays :
Suffrance the salue for grieve at all assayes.

As Balles if throwne gainst stones do soone rebounde,
But fast they stick, if cast they be at durte :
So griefs nought harme where yeelding none is found :
Once fainte, and then they cause some mortall hurte.
By prooffe and tryall, this most true we finde,
Least hurte by grieve is done to stowtest minde.

Pacience and stowtneffe lodged in thy brest,
Shall voyde from thence, grieve sorrow and vnrest.

A.M. Vt animo, sic amico.

¶ *H. His*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *H. His Reply to his friend. A.M.*

THe helthfull wight, with pleasure well may sing,
And courage hie to cheare the sicke may shewe :
But if disease his happy state should sting,
Those loſtie tunes would fainte and fall more lowe.
For Turrets tops that seemes to reach the Skyes,
By thundring stormes to shieuers ſmale are shaken,
The ſtrongest holde where ſtoweſt Souldiours lyes,
Mauger their might, more greater force hath taken.
The ſoundest ſhypp long toſt with tempeſt, leakes,
In waſtling windes, the hugie Cables ſayle :
The braſen peece ſurchargde with powder breakes,
And valiant hartes orewhelmde in woe, do quayle.
The craggy Clyſtes by floodes are fret at length,
The hardened ſteele obeyes the hammers ſtroke,
The ſtiſteſt bow ſtill bente, doth loſe his ſtrength,
Baſe Fortunes blowes, all ioy likewise doth choke.
How maye he then poſſeſſe a quiet minde,
That cauſe of reſt doth ſeelde or neuer finde.



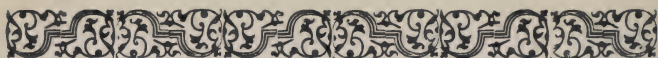
¶ *H. to himſelfe.*

W Hom deſteny ſhall denye,	What gaine by mourning got,
A happy lyfe to finde :	What loſt by little care :
Why ſhould he wayling lye,	When needs muſt light to lot,
With penſiue hart and minde.	What deſteny doth prepare.

E.iiij.

¶ *Written*

Delightfull Discourses



¶ *Written to a most excellent Booke, full of
rare inuention.*

GOe learned booke, and vnto PALLAS sing,
Thy pleasant tunes that sweetely sownde to hie
For PAN to reache, though ZOYLVS thee doth sting,
And lowre at thy lawde, fet nought thereby.

Thy makers Muse in spight of enuies chinne,
For wise deuise, deserued praise shall winne.

Who views thee well, and notes thy course aright,
And syttes eche sence that couched is in thee :
Must needs extoll the minde that did thee dight,
And wishe the Muse may neuer weary bee.

From whence doth flowe such pithe in filed phraze,
As worthiest witte may ioy on thee to gase.

How much they erre, thy rare euent bewrayes,
That stretch their skill the Fates to ouerthrow :
And how mans wisedome here in vaine seekes wayes,
To shun high powers that sway our states below.

Against whose rule, although we striue to runne,
What LOVE forefets, no humane force may shunne.

But all to long, thou hidste so perfite worke,
Seest not defyre, how faine she seekes to finde :
Thy light but lost, if thou in darknesse lurke ?
Then shewe thy selfe and seeme no more vnkinde.

Vnfolde thy fruite, and spread thy maysters praise,
Whose prime of youth, graue deeds of age displaies.

Go choyce conceits, MINERVAS Mirrour bright,
With Rubies ritch yfret, wrought by the wife :

Purled

to sundry purposes.

Purfl'd with Pearle, and decked with delight,
Where pleasure with profite, both in their guise.
Discourse of Louers, and such as folde sheepe,
Whose sawes well mixed, throwds miseries deepe.

Goe yet I say with speede thy charge delyuer,
Thou needst not blushe, nor feare the foyle of blame :
The worthy Countesse see thou follow euer,
Tyll Fates doe fayle, maintaine her Noble name.
Attend her wyll, if she vouchsafe to call,
Stoope to her state, downe flat before her fall.

And euer thanke thou him, that fyrst such fruite did frame,
By whome thy prayse shall liue, to thy immortall fame.

¶ *Where Sorrowe is settled, delyght is banished.*

THe Sable sadde bewrapped hath my lymmes,
(A sute most fyt for one repleat with grieve.)
Whose strayned hart in fowrce of sorrowe swymmes,
Where wrackfull woes at no tyme finde reliefe.
Whose foode is feare, whose drinke is dolor deepe,
Whose sawce is sighes, whose tast sharpe passions are :
Whose rest is ruthe, where sorrowes neuer sleepe,
Whose comfort clipst is with cloudes of care.
Whose helpe is frozen, whose hap hath hard euente,
Whose hope is queld with clogge of colde dispayre :
Whose trust is tyerd, whose toyle in vaine is spent,
Whose pensive plaintes but beate the barreyn ayre.
Where nought I finde, but drugges of bitter taste,
Whose dolefull dayes in darke annoye do waste.



F.j.

¶ *The*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *The complainte of a sorrowfull wight, founde
languishing in a Forrest.*

When spring in lyuely greene, eche fiede hath deckt anewe,
And strowde the soyle with flowers sweete of sundry kinds of
What time the cheerefull buds, & blossoms braue in sight, (hewe.
Inuites the weary dilled minde, abroad to take delight.
Then I by fancie led, a tyme to sporte and play,
To Forrest fayre of pleasant ayre, began to take the way.
And as I past through out a Valley fayre and greene,
Where fundry sweete & rare delights, I earst had heard & seene.
All whuſte I found it tho, such silence was there kept,
As if it midnight then had beene, and all thing sounde had slept.
Whereat amaze I stooode, and listning long, might heare,
At last a dolefull sounding voyce, with lowe lamenting cheare,
In shrubs hard shrowded by, a wofull wight there lay,
Whose corps through care & lingering grieve, was wel ny worne away.
Where powring out his plainte he curst the tyme, and when
That fyrst on earth he placed was, to lead his lyfe with men.
Whose selfeloue seemth so sweete, that friendship yeeldes no tast,
And double dealing gaines such price, that plainenesse is displast.
Alas, quoth he the Babes, one wombe brought forth and bare.
Will nowe obiect, what are we bounde, the one to others care.
Whereas good nature bids, go meete thy friends distresse,
And beare some parte of his mishap, that he may beare the lesse.
If friend to friend thus doe, who faster friend should bee,
Then he (alas) in thy distresse, that nought will doe for thee.
Ah wofull man he sayth, thy lotte hath falne thee so,
That sorce of sorrowes thee besets, with waues of wailful wo.
When he where fauour most, thou shouldst by nature finde,
Doth causelesse shake thee of in care, & shewes himselfe vnkinde.
O wretch in dolor drencht, O minde with mone opprest,
O gulse of grieve, O sea of sighes, that straine the pensiuē brest.
If wel by Pen thou couldst, thy present passions showe,
The hart that hardned nowe remaines, woulde soone relente I knowe.

But

to sundry purposes.

But sith my hap is such, as reape may no redresse,
Come forth you Forrest DRIADS all, your mournfull Tunes expresse.
Drawe neere you SATYRS sower, and straine your dolefull cries,
To wayle the woes of him (alas) in languor deepe that lyes.
Be witnesse woodes and Fields, ye Trees recorde my bale,
You NAIDES eke that haunt the Springs, repeate my wofull tale.
And say vnto the wight, that bydes vnfriendly bente,
How death would be so sweete to me, as ioy to his contente.
For better twere of bothe, then restlesse still remayne,
By ending quyte my lothed lyfe, to ende my lingering payne.
Here sparing further speeche, aside he cast his eye,
And synding me, as one dismayde, away he sought to flye.
Whose will when I perceaude, to shunne my sight full bente,
I to him stept, and askte the cause, that moude him to lamente.
Wherto no worde he gaue, but stands like one amazde,
And with a strange and gastly looke, long tyme on me he gazde.
His face was thinne and leane, his collour dim as leade,
His cheeks were wanne, his body weake, his eyes deepe sunck in head.
His hart straynde, his minde toft, his wyt with woe nere worne,
A rufull thing it was (alas) to viewe him so forlorne.
With deepe set fighe from brest, sent forth by inwarde payne,
His feeble voice and foltring tongue, he gan at last to strayne.
And thus to me he sayde : O what art thou in wo :
Me Myser wretche that here dost finde, with grieve perplexed so ?
Whose present state to learne, why dost thou thus require ?
Smale gayne to thee, great paine to me, to yeelde to thy desire.
Yet sithe against my will, thine eares haue heard the plainte,
Which in this deserte place I paste, to ease my brest attainte.
Thus much at thy request, I further will reueale,
As for the rest this corps of mine, for euer shall conceale.
Whom earst a friend I founde, me causlesse hath forsaken,
What wouldst thou more this is the summe, that I with sighes am
But cruel fate I feare, doth force it so to be, (shaken.
Aduē farewell, let this suffice, inquier no more of me.
Which saide away he goes, God knoweth a wofull wight,
And leaues me there with sorrow fraight, y^t fought to take delight(.)

Delightfull Discourses



¶ *Of Fancie.*

THe kindled sparkes of fyre, that Fancies motions moue,
Do force me feele, though I ne see, nor know not what is loue.
Defyre on ruth doth runne, imbracing grieve for game,
Whose ioye is like the Flies delight, that fries amid the flame.
It yeelds and mercy craues, yet wots not who makes warres,
The only thing it fees or knowes, is one that loue preferres.

¶ *Answer.*

You loue belike to freefe amid the flame,
To weepe in ioye, to ioy in great distresse :
To laugh in teares, to leape and yet be lame,
Midst greeuous myrth & gladsome heauinesse.
To sinck in dread, and not to seeke redresse,
You TITIVS lyke doe play this wofull parte,
Your loue the Grype that tyers vpon your harte.

¶ *Euer sought, neuer founde.*

THe more I striue, the stronger is my thrall,
The stronger thrall, the weaker still mine ayde :
The weaker ayde, the greater grieve doth fall,
The greater grieve, the more with doubt dismayde.

Where lyfe I reache, there dollor biddes me die,
In sweetest soyle, I straine the greatest Snake :
My cares increafe, when comfort drawes most nie,
From dainty pray, I pearfing poyson take.

Still pynde in colde, I parched am with heate,
As fyre I flye, vpon the flame I runne :

In

to sundry purposes.

In fwelting gleames, my chylly corps I beate,
Congealde to Ice, where shynes the cleereft funne.

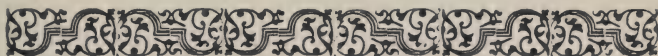
Loe thus I lyue, and lyuing thus I dye,
Drownde in difpayre, with hope aduaunced hye.

¶ *A Poefie.*

THe valiant minde, by venture gaines the Goale,
Whyles fearefull wightes in doubt doe blow the coale.

¶ *Anfwere.*

BUt wary wightes, by wifedome fhunne the fnare,
When venterous minds through haft, are wrapt in care.



¶ *Euery thing is as it is taken.*

SOME onely for difporte, a kinde of myrth doth rayfe,
For which of fome they finde diflyke, of fome they purchafe prayfe.
The Tale that fome clowte vp, with rude vnciuill fence,
Doth more delight the eares of fome, then sweeteft eloquence.

The Foole fometimes doth pleafe, when wife afide are shake,
Then true it is that euery thing, is as men lifte it take.

Who hath by knowledge skyll, of euery foote the length,
Or can he always hit the marke, y^t drawes the greateft ftrength?
Some carpe at others factes, that nought themfelues will vewe,
And fome by high difdaine doe feeke, to mende APELLES fhue.

What fome in others fperne, themfelues would not forfake,
But wylie Foxe from lofty Vine, doth vow no grapes to take.

A worde pafte forth in fporte, to earneft oft doth turne,
So where there was no fire before, great flames on fodain burne(.)
F.iiij. Not

Delightfull Discourses

Not one mans children all, eche Nature is not leeke,
But who hath mean to meafure wil, fhall giue the greater gleeke.

First looke then leape, the blind doth run in many a brake,
And eche thing ftill by prooffe we fee is as men lift it take.

Who fo doth rule his rage, by wifdoms facred skill,
No doubt fhall fhunne ful great annoy, that follows rafhnes ftill.
And who his tongue can ftay, till place and time doe ferue,
His mind at large may better fpeake and greater praife deferue.

Though friends like friends would fhade, the funbeams for thy
Yet al things are affuredly, as men them lift to take. (fake,

But al not friends in deede, of friendships bounds that boftes,
Take heede, no houle may long indure, propt vp wth rotten poftes.
Some rotten are at harte, yet beares a friendly face,
And vnder cloke of fawning fhews, a Serpents ftting thimbrace.

Tis hard to know of whom we certaine counte may make,
For though they fmile, yet thee they deeme, as they thee lift to take.

As they thee lift to take, fuche fhall be their reporte,
Malicious minds are euer preft againft the vertuous forte.
Be chary in thy choice, leaft frawde thy faith abuse,
Of fundrie fectes embrace the beft, the flattering flock refufe.

Thus warely runne thy race, efchew the lurking Snake,
Imbrace the good, as for the reft, no force how they thee take.

¶ *To his Lady of her doubtfull aunfwere.*

TWixt death and doubtfulneffe,
Twixt paine and penfuenefle,
Twixt Hell and heauyneffe,
Refts all my carefulneffe.

O vaine securitie,
That will not libertie,
Fye on that fantasie,
That brings captiuitie.

My

to sundry purposes.

My lyfe is lothſomneſſe,
My pleaſure paſtimeleſſe,
My ende your doubtfulneſſe,
If you be mercyleſſe.

In doubt is iealoſie,
Hope helpeth miſerie,
Moſt women commonly,
Haue aunſwers readily.



¶ *Helpe beſt welcome, when moſt needefull.*

THe bitter ſmarte that ſtraines my mated minde,
Through quelling cares that threat me woful wrack :
Doth prick me on againſt my wyll I finde,
To pleade for grace, or elſe to pine in lack.
As fainting ſoule ſokt vp with ſickly paine,
Prayeth Phificks aide in hope of helth againe.

Whilſte Sea roomes ſerues, the ſhipman feares no foyle,
In quiet Porte there needes no Pilotes Arte :
But when through wearie winters tiring toyle,
Cleere Sommers calmes to carefull cloudſ conuarte.
And ſtreaming ſtormes at hand do danger threate,
Then Maſters ayde is fought in perrill great.

So I right Noble Peere and Lodeſtarre mine,
Whoſe Pynnis ſmale an vpright courſe hath ronne :
In ſeruiſe yours, am forced nowe in fine,
Mine ancors worne, my ſayles and tackling donne,
In humbleſt wiſe your honors help to craue,
My foredriuen ſhip from ſwallowing vp to ſaue.

F.iiij.

You

Delightfull Discourses

You are the Hauen whereon my hope depends,
And I the Barck vpon the drie shore dryuen :
You eke the lande that cheerefull Pilotte lends,
And I the wight, whom Seas to wrack hath giuen.
What resteth then, if Harbour you denye,
But that my shipp must perishe, sinck and dye ?

For now to late to sownde some other shore,
And he that hath and should by nature ayde :
Withdrawes his hande, and sayth he may no more,
Loe thus alas, I liue lyke one dismayde.
Twixte death and doubt, still furgde vpon the sande,
Stayde vp by hope to light on fyrmer lande.

But oh, O me, where AVTVMNE fruitelesse flydes,
A barren hope to HIEMS falles by kinde :
In Haruest tyme, whose trauaile nought prouydes,
A nypping Winter shall be sure to finde.
So carelesse youth that wastes his yeares in vaine,
In age repents bereft of hope or gaine.

As yeares increafe, vncertaine hope seemes harde,
When sicknesse sharpe hath gathered greatest force :
Then Phisicks cure doth seeme a sweete rewarde,
Which you may yeelde, if please you take remorie.
My stepdame strange, I Fortune yet doe finde,
Which makes me more to dread some wrack behind.

For where I seeke the depth of hope to founde,
To helpe my selfe, and stay my credite still :
To fronte my course, doth crooked hap rebounde.
Through such I feare, as euer mente me ill.
Or else in state I stande the most accurst,
(If seruice long me shrowde not from the wurst.)

Though

to sundry purposes.

Though some be slowe to reache reliefe at neede,
And with delayes the matter will delate :
Yet Noble minde then sheweth it selfe in deede,
By gyuing strength vnto the weakned state,
I seeke no store to lyue and lye at rest,
I wishe but ayde in that I am opprest.

Which if you graunt, you shall great honor gayne,
And eke encourage those of yonger dayes :
With cheerefull hope themselues & friends to strayne,
To serue a wyght that so his seruauant stayer,
And I releast from wrackfull woes vnrest,
Will blase your praise tyll lyfe shall faile my brest.

¶ Of the Golden worlde.

THe golden worlde is past sayth some,
But nowe say I that worlde is come :
Now all things may for Golde be had,
For gayne of Golde, both good and bad.
Now honour hie for Golde is bought,
That earst of greater price was thought.
For Golde the Foole aloste doth rise,
And ofte is plasht aboute the wise.
For Golde the subtile shewe their skill,
For Golde the wicked winne their will.
For Golde who shunnes to wrest a wrong,
And make it seeme as right and strong ?
Who spares to pleade as pleaseth thee,
If bring thou doe a golden fee ?
The Fatherlesse is quyte forgot,
Where golden giftes doe fall to lot.
For Golde the Wyddow is opprest,
And rightfull heyres are dispossessed.
Poore IRVS cause at dore doth stande,
If CROESVS come with Golde in hande.

G.j.

What

Delightfull Discourses

What mischiefe may almost be thought,
That now for Golde not daylie wrought?
A heape of ylles for Golde are clokte,
Yea vice for Golde hath vertue chokte.
For gayne of Golde the Flatterer smyles,
And on thee fawnes with fundry wyles.
I will not here through golden traps,
Say Louers light in Ladies laps.
But briefto bee, what can you craue,
That now for Golde you may not haue?
Then truth to tell, and not to fayne,
Right now the golden worlde doth raygne.

¶ *Of Golde.*

O Gracious Golde,	Golde buyldeth townes,
Whose glittering hie:	Golde maketh ioy:
Doth cheere and holde,	Gold cheereth clownes,
Eche gazing eie.	Golde quelth anoy.
The sweete delight,	Golde all can doe,
That dwelles in thee:	Golde raignes alone:
Doth spoyle eche spight,	Alas what woe,
And pouertee.	Where Golde is none.
Thou listes aloft,	As I poore wight,
Who late was lowe:	By prooffe doe see:
By thee Fooles oft,	Which gladly seeke,
The wife orethrow.	That will not bee.
What ioy, what gaine,	But well I were,
What worldly thing:	If I might catch,
Doth want to them,	Whyte fyluer cleere,
That Golde doe bring?	Which all men snatch.



¶ *A.*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *A. W.*

THe wante of Coyne so grypes my brest,
That what to doe I know not best,
I trudge, I toyle, I feeke, I sue,
But aye good hap bids me adue.

¶ *Answer. H.*

IF nipping neede LEGITTIMVS constraynde,
In hande to grype the heauie Hammer great:
With which through wante his Princely corps he paynde,
on stythie hard, in VVLCANS trade to beat.
If he (I say) of crowned king the sonne,
by fate was forste such bitter blastes to bide:
Dispaire not thou thy wrackfull race to runne.
for welth as shade from eche estate doth slide.
Pluck vp thy harte, thy hap not yet so harde,
since Princes great haue felt a fall more deepe:
King DIONISE from regall rule debarde,
for his reliefe a Grammer schoole did keepe.
By which thou mayste thy wandring minde suffice,
That Fortunes wheele now vp, now down doth rise.

¶ *Of Friends.*

AS fyre doth fine and seperate Golde from drosse,
And shews the pure and perfit from the vyle:
Right so is tryde, when nipping stormes doe tosse,
A faythfull friend, from such as meane but guyle.
Whyllste Fortune smyles, and thou no wante dost feele,
Of friends no doubt thou shalt haue heaped store,
But if she once doe whyrle aside hir wheele,
They flinke away, as though vnknowne before.

G. ij.

Like

Delightfull Discourses

Lyke Doues that leaue the olde and ruynous towre,
And flocking flye to buyldings braue and new :
So fayned friends, when fortune seemes to lowre,
Their flight do take, and bids thee straight adew,
Thus he which earst had friends on euery side,
Not hauing one, alone doth now abide.

¶ *Answer. E. L.*

IF perfitte tryall might as soone be had,
Of perfitte men, as of the pure Golde :
It were not hard to know the good from bad,
Their difference soone might easilye then bee tolde.
For Fyre lesse than in an houres space,
Will finde the fault of Golde, and make it plaine,
But men haue meanes to counterfeyt such grace,
That they will aske at least a yeare or twaine.
And yet at last will not be tryde at all,
For some perchance will byde a touch or two,
And will not seeme to flye when you shall fall :
But offer you what they and theirs can doe.
Yet not so founde as they should be in deede,
But make a meanes to make you serue their neede.

¶ *Reply to the same.*

THat longer tyme the Friend than Golde should trye,
I neuer yet denide nor would defende :
How fayned friends do fayle, if fate doe wrye,
Is totall summe wherto my tale doth tende.
For euery thing hath certaine tyme I knowe,
The full effect to worke of Natures charge,
The tender twig in tyme a tree doth growe,
And little Babes in tyme doe proue more large.
Some fruite scarce rype, when some doe drop away,
Some bloume, some beare according to their kinde,

Some

to sundry purposes.

Some soone shoote vp, some longer space doe stay,
Eche taketh the time that Nature hath assignde.
The Marble stone in time by watery drops
Is pierced deepe, and eke in time doth fall,
The statly towres with fine and curious tops,
For time in time, no doubt tryes all in all.
Which triall firste, occasion seekes to make,
As fyre by heate the Golde doth fine and pure,
In neede likewise occasion men shall take,
A friend to try, from such as stande vnure.
But some a time will seeme to stay say you,
And after fayle, perceyuing further neede :
No doubt you here haue aymde the marke to true,
For suche is sure the fruite of subtile seede.
These friends are like to one that vndertakes,
To runne the race, whereby to gayne the prayse :
Who running well, at first, on sodaine flakes,
And in the midst his race leaues off and stayes.
Not aye doth proue the glorious morning shewe
The fayrest day, ne all that shines is golde :
And therefore friends in deede are harde to knowe,
For some a storme or two, like friendship holde.
The flowres yet in tyme from weedes appeare,
Whose difference first in spring we scarce discerne,
The sunne orecast with clowde in time doth cleere,
And eke in time our friends from such we learne.
For as one tutch or two no perfite proofe
Doth make of friends, no more doth Golde one heate.
Yet tyme vs tels who links, who lyes aloofe,
Who byrds doth yeelde, and who the bulke doth beate.
Wherefore I ende, as Golde by fyre is tryde,
So friends by proofe at needefull tymes are spyde.



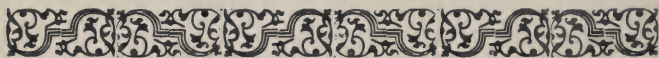
Delightfull Discourses

¶ *Another way.*

WHen once you haue false fortunes fickle wheele,
perceyde with paine, and tryde with troubled toyle :
The sound to see, and forged friend to feelee,
it is not harde, for falsed hath the foyle.
If then you finde that Fortune stands your foe,
let wisedome welde your wit, and all your wayes :
So fayned friends their fayth that doe forgoe,
shall be ashamde, and you attaine to prayse.
For though the wheele with care do cast you downe,
Yet PALLAS playes, when Fortune false doth frowne.

¶ *To his Friend M. S.*

IF friendship true be tryde when welth doth fayle,
from such as fayne, and flee if fortune lowre :
If he a friend that seemes not then to quayle,
but seekes to helpe and ayde his friend to powre.
My STAPLEE then a friend thou art in deede,
That helps thy friend in time of nipping neede.



¶ *In mediocritie, most safetie.*

AS meane in Musicke soundeth beste,
So meane estate liues most in reste.
The higher clymde, the fall more deepe,
The deeper fall, the doubler paine,
Declyning paine doth carefull keepe,
In man eche liuely limme and vaine.
Which prooues what change or chaunce doe fall,
Contented meane exceedeth all.

¶ *To*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *To the same.*

THe high estate is daungerous,
The poore degree is burdenous.
The welthie sorte are couetous,
The needie soule is dolorous.
The youthfull Imps are prodigall.
The aged be to riches thrall.
The bolder men foolehard ye call,
And fearefull wightes are dastards all.
Then yll eschew, embrace things cleane,
Well fare the sweete and golden meane.

¶ *That valiant hartes are desyrous to aspyre.*

EChe valiaunt harte and Noble minde,
with lostie courage hye:
The mightie Mountayne seekes to scale,
and lets the Molehill lye.

¶ *Answer.*

THe mounting minde that hasts to climbe,
when Fortune whirles her wheele:
With double dolour is deprest,
if downe he chaunce to reele.

¶ *Another waye.*

TO climbe to high must needes be nought,
the feare to fall doth breede diseafe:
To sinke to lowe brings carefull thought,
dispayring payne can neuer please.
The golden meane giues quiet rest,
Who liues betwene extremes doth best.

G. iiij.

¶ *To*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *To his Friend E. R. of the Bee.*

WHere as thy minde I see doth mounte,
to buylde thy nest on hye :
I thinke it good in meaner sorte,
thy wings thou guyde to flye.
For loftie trees on Mountayne toppes,
with euery blustering blaste
Are shaken fore, when trees belowe
doe stande both firme and faste.
The Bee whose force but feeble is,
to Beastes of bigger powre :
Hir selfe doth feede with Hony sweete,
when greater taste things sowre.
Which prooues the meane with minde content,
more happy lyfe we see :
Than is to taste the sowre, and fitte
in feate of highe degree.
From thorny shrubs and barren soyle,
swete sap the Bee doth sucke :
When bigger beastes in fertile Fields,
with nipping stormes are stucke.
And he within his symple Cell,
doth dwell in safety founde :
When such as seeke to sayle aloft,
in dole are oft times drounde.
Seeke not therefore with troubled minde,
at stately porte to riue :
But liue content as doth the Bee,
within his homely Hiue.
So shall thy foode be Honie sweete,
though Fortune smile or frowne :
And eke in safetie shalt thou sit,
when higher tumble downe.

¶ *Sure*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *Sure counsell, fownde friendship.*

OF Louers restles lyues I lyfte not wryte,
Let learned heads describe their painefull plight,
But playne in termes, I wishe thee euen so well,
As those that can fine Tales for Louers tell.

Whose friendly meaning if thou wilt receaue,
Detest disloyall loue, to Vertue cleaue,
And seeke by honest meanes thy state to stay,
The vertuous lyfe doth fyldome bring decay.

Counte not the byrds that vndisclosed bee,
Waygh words as winde that yeelds no certaintie,
For polisht words that deedes doe neuer yeelde,
May likened be vnto the barreyn Feelede.

Prouyde in youth, thy aged yeares to keepe,
And let fayre speeche go lulle the fonde a sleepe,
Sir MACHIAVELL such cunning nowe hath taught,
That wordes seeme sweete when bitter is the thought.

Whilst youth, strength, skyll, welth, friends & coyne wil stretch,
Thou fayre art borne, by many a guilfull fetch,
But if these helpes but once beginne to fainte,
Adieu farewell, colde comfort findes complainte.

Take heede therefore, retyre in time from those,
To serue their turnes, that teach their tongues to glose.
Whose golden shews, although do promise much,
In prooffe fall out but Copper in the touch.



H. j.

¶ *They*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *They performe not best, that promise most.*

What holde in hope, or trust to fayre allure,
Shee that my sweetest yeares beguylde can tell:
By whome I learne there is no way so sure,
Ne speedier meane to guyde a man to hell.
Loe, he that liste such fayned hope to prooue,
Shall subiect liue, and nere raigne ouer loue.

The pleasure of her piercing eyes methought,
Should be the lightes that leade to happinesse:
Alas I was to bolde, but she more nought,
To false suche sayth, and meaning nothing lesse,
What heauen is hid in loue, who seekes to see,
Must sue and serue a better Saint than shee.

Though tyme hath stayed the rage of my desyre,
Yet doth her sight renewe my festred wounde:
I curse the arte that causde me to aspire,
In hope of truthe, where no trust could be founde.
But tyll my soule shall breake this carefull gayle,
Loue may not maystred be, nor I preuayle.

¶ *Bewtie the bayte of Vanitie.*

A Flattering forme hath shoues that soone doe passe,
And vade away as doth the wythered grasse.
The more it hastes to reache the rypest yeares,
The more it faylth, and worse the forme apear.
Of pleasant Flowers, the Rose that hath no Peere,
The Violets freshe, and Lyllies whyte and cleere,
Doe not alwayes retaine their hewe and sente,
And flourish still with smell most redolente.
So though thou seeme of feature passing all,
And bearest the forme and fame as principall,

Whose

to sundry purposes.

Whose bewtie shewes, hath blasde thy shape in sight,
Which thou in Glasse to view, takest great delight.
Yet tyme on poollisht forme shall furrows plowe,
And wrythed wrinkles peere on blemisht browe.
That lothe thou shalte, to note thy changed hewe,
And hate thy forme in Mirror bright to viewe.
Loe Ladie fayre, that bewtie is but vaine,
Experience shewes, when Vertue voyde of staine,
Doth florishe freshe, whome if thou doe embrace,
The more she growes, the greater is her grace.

¶ *Of Fortune.*

O Fortune false how double are thy deedes,
Thy painted Flowres are nought in prooffe but weedes.
Who are brought downe, by thy most frowarde frownes,
Still subiect liue, and trouble them redownes.
To slipper happes annexed are their dayes,
To Lyons force, their bodyes are but prayes.
What so they winne by meritte or deserte,
Is from them rest, by power that doth subuerte.
Now welthy men doe tell the wifest tales,
And muck is made an equall weyghing schales.
No reason yet, but right should be of force,
And vertue would that wante should finde remorse.
But as the tossed Barke bydes better blyffe,
And sharpest thrall in tyme releas'd is,
And as the feeble Reedes are rente by Seas,
Yet spring againe, when swelling waues appease.
So hope I will, though now the ebbe be lowe.
A spring in time with former course may flowe.



Delightfull Discourses

¶ *A Sonet.*

IF wayghtie burthens may be light,
Or fayre deniall det requite :
If Justice can be termed error,
Or drosse for good and perfite treasor.
If Maye may be without delyte,
Or Snowe of other hewe than whyte,
If Cunning can be without skill,
Or women without headstrong will,
If Pardon where there is no synne,
Or Losse where euery man doth winne,
If Paradise in Hell you see,
Or sylent whereas women bee.
Then shall not Loue be termed hate,
Nor lowe degree the happiest state,
But all this must prooue contrarie,
And therefore Loue is Loyaltie.
Flee it, and it will flee thee,
Follow it, and it will follow thee.



¶ *To her Louer, that made a conquest of her,
and fled, leauing her with childe.*

AT stryfe to whome I might,
commit my secreet teares :
My heart the Mountaynes fight,
and hollow ECCHO feares.

I doubt the DRYADES,
amids the Forrest chase,
And thinking on the Seas,
I dread the Marmayds grace.

What

to sundry purposes.

What shall I trust the Skyes?
then me the windes bewray:
Poore soule whom Love denyes,
eche caytife doth betray.



Ha heauy hart, thy meede,
O tell, tell out thy minde:
Ponder his fylthie deede,
that left his shame behinde.

And lyke a Cowarde fledde,
fearing the chylde vnborne:
Whose mother hee should wedde,
that hath the Babe forsworne.

Was euer Mayde so madde,
that might her fayth forgo?
Was euer boy so badde,
to vse a mayden so?



His teares did me beguyle,
and cleane opprest my powre,
As doth the Crocodile,
in seeking to deuoure.

Howe could I well denie,
when needes it must be so:
Although a shamefull I,
should haue a shamelesse no.



O faythlesse friend my guylte,
that first with guyle began:
O foolishe friend that spylte,
her mirror on the man.

H.iiij.

What

Delightfull Discourses

What hath thy Country done,
or natiue soyle anoyde :
To force thee it to shonne,
wherein thy Louer ioyde.



No forrein Hauen can hide,
ne colour thine intent :
If lyfe in Babe abide,
that doth thy fault present.

And when thy fame hath worne,
within th'*ITALIAN* coste :
Thou shalt be laught to scorne,
of them that loude thee moste.

The Gods will haue a share,
in gyuing him his hier :
That faythlesse falsly sware,
and prooude himselfe a lier.



And I thy mortall foe,
by fylthie lust beguyld :
To wreake me of my woe,
will slay thy filly childe.

In stead of quiet graue,
wherein his corse shoulde rest :
Thy Impe his hearse shall haue,
in bowels of a beast.



My daintie tamed wombe,
that to thy share befell :
Shal finde no doubt a tombe,
amids the mayds in hell.

¶ *Being*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *Being burdened to sayne his good will,
he aunswereth thus.*

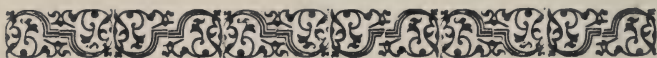
IF mine thy little care,
if thine my restlesse state,
If thine the brunts in brest I beare,
of mine to loue or hate.
Then trie thou shouldst to true,
that falshood naught did frame :
Though now my smarts thou list not rue,
but makes my griefe thy game.
But out alas I die,
this change is nothing so :
For I in languishe still doe lye,
and fawne on thee my foe.
Who smiles to see my smarte,
and laughs when I doe weepe :
Regarding naught my faythfull harte,
yet from me dost it keepe.
Thus harte to faine vnskilde,
in being whole is broke :
In health is hurte, aliue is kilde,
by dinte of dolours stroke.
And being mine, is stolne,
and led by lyking lust :
Doth leaue the waye of certaine stay,
and leane to tickle trust.
Thou sayst I doe not loue,
would God thou didst not lye :
Such fond affects may nothing moue,
such one thou sayst as I.
The Sages sure were wise,
yet forced now and then :
By flashing flames of CVPIDS fyre,
to shewe themselues like men.

H.iiij.

Dame

Delightfull Discourses

Dame Natures force will shewe,
what so therfore befall :
Tis fure my simple state so lowe,
thou dost mislike with all.
My thoughts doe mounte on hie,
though Fortune seeme but base :
Whose yeelding walles before thee lye,
to reare or downe to rase.



¶ *Change of Country, shall not
change fancie.*

TO syfte my fate in forrein soyle,
a time though I depart :
Yet distaunce none, ne tyme, nor toyle
shall pluck from thee my hart.
But as I earst vnfaynedly,
haue vowde me wholly thyne :
So will I stande assuredly,
howe ere the worlde enclyne.

¶ *Where abilitie fayleth, wyll
suffyceth.*

IF knowledge mine could compasse wylling will,
To founde her fame, so well as deedes deserue :
Or if in Verse by prayse of Poets skill,
I able were to wryte what I referue.
Then should my pen put forth what now I holde,
And to the worlde her vertues rare vnfolde.

But fithe in me such sacred lore doth fayle,
I leaue the same to SOPHOS learned brayne :

As

to sundry purposes.

As one whose bare and naked Muse doth quayle,
To vndertake her glory to expayne.

Least lack of skill that might in me appeere,
Should clipse the light which now doth shine so cleere.

A perfit Pearle it selfe doth shewe so well,
That naught it needes a foyle to blase the fame :
Her prayse lykewise, the rest doth so excell,
That finer wittes will spred her Noble name.

What should I then vpon her feature stande,
Which shewes it selfe lyke sunne against the sande ?

Her curious shape, who views and doth not prayse,
In Noble minde she second is to none :
Not Fortune, but deserts, her fame doth rayse,
For Fortune bowes to Vertues loftie throne.

Where loe she setled sits, in seate so bright,
As HESPER cleere with gleames of glittering light.



¶ *Mans impietie, faynes false Deitie.*

LUft long is faynde a God of loue to bee,
Whose peeuishe power some deeme is dangerous.
A cunning Archer that could neuer see,
Set forth he is, with shaftes right perillous.

A wanton winged boy forsooth he is,
And VENVS sonne, whom she doth clip and kisse.

Down from the Heauens he shoots the flaming dartes,
That Fancie quickly burnes with quenchlesse fyre :
Bereauing Reason quite in all her partes,
Preferring wyll with doting fond desyre.

Is this a God? no, no, a Diuell sure,
To fylthie lust that doth the weake allure.

I.j.

For

Delightfull Discourses

For Gods to Vertue, not to vices winne,
Their powers prouoke to good and not to yll :
Tis gainst their kinde to foster fylthie finne,
Eche heauenly grace, doth heauenly giftes fulfyll.
Then you that fayne DAN CVPIDE is a God,
Recante in tyme, leaft LOVE reach forth his rod.

*¶ In loue smale iarres, sometime breede
best content.*

WHat state more sweete, more pleasant or more hie,
Then loues delight, where hartes doe ioyntly ioye ?
If vyle suspect, feare and ielosie,
With gawling grudge did not the same annoy.
Yet where this fowre, with sweete somedeale doth blende,
Loues perfection oft it doth amende.

For thirst the water sauourie makes to seeme,
And after fasting, meate is had in price :
He knowes not peace, nor can thereof esteeme,
That in the warres hath neuer broke the Ice.
Hope is reuiude, and shakes of forrowes past,
When seruice long doth reape rewarde at last.

Distauce of Friends maye suffred be with ease,
When safe returne exiles eche former feare :
The farther of, the more doth meeting please,
Things hardly had, obtaynde, are holden deere.
Despayre not then, though eyes debarred bee,
From that fayre sight, the hart doth howlerly see.



¶ What

to sundry purposes.

¶ *What Nature seuereth, Arte hardly ioyneeth.*

IN fayth doth frozen IANVS double face,
Such fauour finde, to match with pleasant Maye :
May Horie HIEMS now sweete blisse imbrace,
Where fertile Iune by flatte repulse had nay.
No surely no, though iealous heades misdeeme,
A false vntroth to me the same doth seeme.

For Frost with Fyre may neuer long agree,
And Maye by course ought mayntaine VENVS right :
When shyuering IANVS doth denie we see,
The pleasing sporte that May would most delight.
Then iealous slander shut thy chaps for shame,
Depraeue them not, whose deedes are voyde of blame.

Since sprinkling showres of sweete AVRORAES fludde,
In HIEMS raigne are dried vp with colde :
Whose Syluer drops bedewes the blowming budde,
And makes the fertile soyle her fruite vnfolde.
Who can beleeeue ? not I, I vowe in deede,
That IANVS olde should gaine such youthfull meede.

¶ *He wysseth well to the Crabbe and Maple Tree in
Milfeelde, for the Ladies sake that met
there vnder them.*

THE cheerefull byrde that skips from tree to tree,
By skilfull choyse doth roouft and rest at night :
Although by wing and will he may go free,
Yet there he pearkes, where most he takes delight.
As Thrush in thorne, and golden Finch in Fearne,
Great byrds in groues, the smale in bushie hedge :
The Larke alowe, in loftie tree the Hearne,
And some in Fenne, doe shrowde themselues in sedge.

I.ij.

So

Delightfull Discourses

So some men boſt in Bayes, whoſe branch they beare,
Some Hawthorne holde, as chiefe of their delight :
Some wofull wights, the wrethed Willows weare,
Some Roſes reach, and ſome the Lyllies white.
Some Plane tree praife, as great DARIVS ſonne,
Whoſe oft recourſe thereto, doth wel expreſſe,
That vertues riſe therein this Prince had wonne,
To lyke the ſame aboue the reſt I geſſe.
The Oliander eke, whoſe Roſelike floure,
Fayre POLIXENE ſo paſſing well did pleaſe :
Some liſt aloft, and ſome the Pien pure,
Yet trees I know that farre furmounteth theſe.
Not for their daintie fruites, or odoures ſweete,
Ne yet for ſumptuous ſhewe that others yeelde :
But for the Ladies ſakes, which there did meete,
I giue them prayſe as chiefeſt in the ſelde.
O happy trees, O happy boughes, whoſe ſhade
Iſhrouded hath ſuch Noble vertuous wights :
By whom you were, and are a Mirror made,
Who of your ſelues doe yeelde no great delights.
O fertile ground, in yeelding wiſe that lends,
Such cauſes great of Ladies perſite ioyes,
O bliſſefull place ſo fit for faithfull friends,
In pleaſures ryſe, to rid them from anoyes.
What wonder may it be, to thoſe ſhall heare,
In Maple hard, or crooked Crabbe tree ſowre :
Such ſugred talke, ſuch leiſts, ſuch ioyfull cheare,
Such mylde affects, as if t'were CVPIDS bowre ?
Nowe ſith theſe Noble Nymphes ybreathed haue,
Vpon theſe plants, in vttering forth their minde :
If any ſeeke their ſecrecie to craue,
High LOVE I pray theſe trees may ſhewe their kinde.
Help SATYRS eke, you Gods that keepe the wood,
The poyſoning breath of BOREAS rough reſiſt :
And thou whoſe ſyluer drops bedewes eche bud,
Reſreſhe theſe trees with ſweete AVRORAES miſt.

to sundry purposes.

And Iove if thou in Milfeelde shew thy might,
Conuert them soone, to fruites of more delight.

That Maple may be Mulberie,
And Crabbe tree eke a Medler be.

¶ *Being charged with finenesse, he answereth thus.*

NOt fine good Lady mine,
but playne as playne may be :
Your curious hed may finenesse frame,
it longeth not to me.

My symple meaning plaine,
not carued with mincing stile :
Vnfayned friendship seekes to shew,
deuoyde of frawde or guile.

No GNATOS parte I play,
ne like COREBUS crue :

By glosing words to seeke to painte,
or publishe more than true.

My cheefe delight to please,
is all which I desire :

With nising Nymphes I list not deale,
whose lookes aloft aspire.

Plaine truthe aye yeelds such trust,
as needes no fined phraze :

And my delight hath lesse desire,
Dame bewties beames to blase.

Whose heasts in harte I holde,
and will till time I die :

Yet truth might truely match delight,
with things that seeme more hie.

*But needelesse here to tell,
What all men sees right well.
Where nicenesse fine is fled,
Doth vertue spring and spread.
Let finenesse then be plaste,
Where finenesse is embraste.*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *Such Saintes, such seruice.*

THy countnance change, though clokt in couert sort,
Not all things well, long since did make report.
Though thou vnkinde, and twise vnkinde againe
To me thy friend, wouldst not imparte thy paine.
See yet at last, how tyme the truth hath tolde,
What thou wouldst not, loe time doth here vnfolde.
No doubtfull drift whereon demurre dependes.
So close is kept, that time not tries and endes.
And art thou change? doth fanisie so perswade?
To heape thy harme, doe secreete flames inuade?
Wilt thou from me so hide thy cause of pine?
Hast thou forgot, I rest still wholly thine?
Where is become thy manly minde, which late
Could so dehort thy friend, in fraile estate?
May one so well approou'd in PALLAS feeelde,
By view of symple peece, seeme thus to yeelde.
Shall Buffard blinde, thy constant dealing daunt?
Arte thou so fonde, with carren Kyte to haunt?
Or wilt thou stoupe, and bend thy selfe to serue,
A thanklesse Trull, whose deeds right naught deserue?
Whose peeuishe pride, descries the Pecoocks grace,
Though she God wot, be farre more vile and base.
Naught else but wante of wyt, makes pride presume,
The feete well viewd, downe fals the Pecoocks plume.
Whose owne conceyte, so dimmes her dazeled sight,
That deeme she doth for day, the duskishe night.
To base she is for thee to lure and call,
Though she by lofty lookes would conquer all.
Thy foode to fine her fylthy gorge to fill,
Of daintie pray to iudge, she hath no skill.
By course of kinde, she doth for carren craue,
Be rulse by me, her diet let her haue.

Doe

to sundry purposes.

Doe way the Kyte, that so doth scratch and scowle,
My Keeper kepe henceforth some finer fowle.
For looke as vessell aye, yeelds certaine taste
Of licoure, such as fyrst therein was plasfe.
So dunghill byrdes, on dunghill still we finde,
To shewe the branch whence fyrst they came by kinde.
Cast of therfore thy care and changed cheare,
Call home thy hart, let woonted plight appeare.
Hoys vp thy sayles, and launch from wrackful shore,
Who runnes on rockes, oft brused is full fore.

¶ *I follow what flyeth from me.*

I Viewe the fertile tree,
but fruite I none may get :
Most daintie foode I see,
yet starue for wante of meate.

Where drinke stands me before,
there greatest droughth I take :
My thirst encreast the more,
when most I would it flake.

So hunger stryues to feede,
when hap withholds repast,
So thirst craues drinke with speede,
when thrall sayth stay a cast.

Thus TANTALS toyle I trie,
against the streame that rowe :
As hope would heaue me hie,
dispaire doth sinke me lowe.



Liiiij.

¶ No

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *No grieffe to wante of due regarde.*

WHere sorrow sunck in breast, hath soken vp euery ioye,
What comfort there but cruel care, the source of sharpe anoy?
Adieu delightfull dayes that wretch right well may say,
Whose good endeouour made him dreame, till wakt wth cold decay.
Adieu deluding hope, that lulde thee so on sleepe,
As sleepe thy fences so bereaude, that waking yet dost sleepe.
Sith all the fruite thou findest, for long imployed paine, (refraine.
Fallest out but brakes & brambles sharpe, how mayst thou teares
When ruth is made rewarde, for fayth that fauour sought,
What hart can choose but pine away, in plaint & peniue thought?
And curse eche practise still, through drift of glosing guiles,
That dandled on true meaning minds, by frawde & hellish wiles.
To serue their turnes tyll they, vnto the bones are worne,
And then on sodaine shake them off, in greatest neede forlorne.
Most like the wormes that feede vpon the kernels sweete,
Forfaking huske when foode is spent, to perishe vnder feete.
So they the hartes of men, doe gnawe in peeces smale,
When youth and coine are both consumde, then leaues them to their
As some by to much prooffe, haue tryed all to true, (thrale.
Enforst to bid their golden time, so fruitlesse spent adiewe.

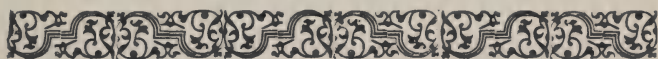
¶ *Of Anger.*

A Poyson piercing to the death,
A Traytor to the lyfe:
A Foe to friendships constancie,
a friend to deadly stryfe.
Armed agaynst good counsels force,
weake in aduersitie:
A spoyler of such guiltlesse blood,
as is condemde by thee.
A troubled wyt, a reaklesse hande,
a wrathfull hart to spill:

A

to sundry purposes.

A partiall Iudge, a ieaious wyfe,
where anger hath her will.
A wastefull pursfe, a greedie Foe,
a false suspecting thing :
A tickle stay, a prowde disgrace,
a cruell Serpents sting.
A whip to ease, a rack to rule,
a furie to good rest.
A black infecting Spring they saye,
that poysons man and beast.
A hastie heate, a burning flame,
a wyld deuouring whelpe :
A forcelesse winde, a furie short,
and last a silly helpe.



¶ *A New yeares gyfte.*

L **L**ong may you lyue, and happy yeares enioye,
A Among your friends, to staye in bliffull state
D Deuoyde of Foes, safe shrowded from annoye.
I In all your workes : God graunt you happy fate,
K Kindle your care to compasse heauenly things :
P Presse downe the worlde, let not his power preuayle.
E Esteeme him not, a Syrens song he sings.
M Most happy they, where most his flatteries fayle.
B Beginne no acte, but fyrst foresee the ende :
R Reache forth your hande to helpe the needie still,
O Obserue such rules as may your state defende.
O Offence forbear: feare euer to doe ill.
K Knowe God and seeke his holy hefts to holde,
E Example giue, to make the good more bolde.

K.j.

¶ *An*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *Another.*

L **L** Et wisedome welde your witte and all your wayes,
A Among the best your credite twill enhaunce :
D Detest eche Vice, by Vertue purchase prayse,
I In Noble mouldes, a Noble minde aduaunce.

M March on with those gainst frayle defyes that fight,
A And gayne the Gole where glorye great doth dwell :
R Resist eche wrong, endeouour to doe right,
I Imbrace good will of such as wishe you well.

S Suspend to deeme the worst, what euer breede,
A And poyse eche poynte before you verdit giue,
V Vntill you fyft the depth of doubts in deede,
I It skill shall shewe to let the matter liue.

L Last beare in minde as course doth chaunge the yeare,
E Euen so all Natures workes in time doe weare.

¶ *Another.*

L **L** Ay downe your Pens, that pen vnworthy prayse,
A Aduaunfing Dames which naught may claime by right :
D Direct your course a Ladies fame to raise,
I In eche respect that well deserues your light.
G GRACE is a gifte deuyne giuen from aboue,
C Cancell the scrowles that others praise pretende :
A All writs are voyde that substance none doe proue,
V Vertue and blood, this Lady both commende.
E Eche perfite good in her doth fymely rest,
N Noble by byrth, by Nature affable,
D Disposed well, all ill she doth detest,
I In euery action modest and stable.

S Set shape aside, where Vertue hath no place,
H Here shape and Vertue both are ioynde in GRACE.

¶ *An*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *Another.*

T **T**Yme and trust doth trie both weake and sure,
O O blifful hap that trust in time maye reache :
T The patients paine which sicknesse doth procure,
H Hath health or ende, at last to be his leache.
E Effects (alas) I see doe fall out harde,
L Lost labor reapes the crop of lyngering grieve,
A And friendships force, through falshood is debarde.
D Despite denies deserte to reache reliefe,
I I see some smyle as they were gyrt with gladnesse,
S Stayde vp by hope, though drencht in deepe dispayre :
P Preferring sporte, but daunted downe with sadnesse.
E Enioying nought, yet faine to flye in th'ayre.
K Kept farre from you (God graunt) all such annoye,
E Embraste to be with them that lyue in ioye.



¶ *An Epitaph.*

WHat hydes this hearse but quiet silente reste,
The surest ende of his vncertayne time :
Whome neyther sworde, nor fyre, nor age opprest,
But to his Ghost gaue way, in haste to clime
Aloft, loe here the iustice of such fatall breath,
To haue a God the author of his death ?
Fayth and good nature, honor death and lyfe,
The Noble harte procureth fauour moſte,
These markes, these flowres of his age are ryfe,
Wherein both soule and shrine may iustly boſte.
Where his defyres lodge, the Gods can tell,
Here lyeth the corse that liued and died so well.

K.ij.

¶ *A*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *A Dreame.*

TO clime the high and hauty hyll,
Where Poets preace for praise by skyll,
I list no labour waste :
The water Nimphes I neuer vewde,
Nor Ladies of the Lake perfewde,
That poore ACTEON chaste :
King ARTHVRS Knights long since are fled,
In force that did excell,
And all those Ladies nowe lye dead,
Whose lyues olde Poets tell.
Reuealing, their dealing,
I purpose not to wryte :
But dreaming, a straunge thing
Loe heere I doe recyte.

A fayre Pauillion finely pight,
In sleepe appeared in my sight,
Amidst whereof in greene and white,
The Goddesse sate of all delight,
Beset about with Ladies true,
Which did to her such seruice due,
As fewe I deeme, the like hath seene,
Idone to any earthly Queene.
Her Nimphes all they were,
Of such comely cheere,
HELENS face, may giue place,
Where they appeere.

THese Ladies on this Goddesse bright,
Attendance gaue both daye and night,
To worke what she would will :
Some sitting heere, some standing there,
As for the tyme they placed were,

According

to sundry purposes.

According to their skill :
For VENVS then in Maieſtie,
Me thought at Banket ſate,
Attended on moſt curiouſly,
As beſt beſeemde her ſtate,
Some ſeruing,
Some caruing,
In Office as they ſtoode,
Some playing,
Some ſinging,
With glad and cheerefull moode.

That ſure me thought in Heauen I was,
To ſee this fight it ſo did paſſe,
But at the laſt, this Banket paſt,
Of Suters then a Noble route
There did appeare, with drooping cheare,
Beſeeching VENVS them to heare,
Who ſtraight enclynde, with wylling mynde
To peiſe the playntes that eche put out.
Wherewithall kneelde downe,
A wight of renowne,
Who cryde thus, O VENVS,
Let fate ceaſe to frowne.

HAue pyttie on her painefull plight,
Whoſe lyfe is led without dellight,
In ſighes and ſorrows ſtill:
My youth ſaide ſhe with age I waſte,
For wealth my Parents me ſo plaſte,
God knoweth againſt my will.
With that another ſtept in place,
And craude with wayling voyce,
O Noble Goddeſſe of thy grace,
Graunt me my wiſhed choyce.
Thus ſeeking, Dams liking,

K.iiij.

They

Delightfull Discourses

They call on VENVS hie :
Still fuing, renewing,
Their plaintes with watry eie.

Some out doe crie on ieloufie,
And some of great vncourtesie,
With teares complaine, that finde difdaine
Where they haue loued faythfully.
Another sorte, doe eke reforte,
Exclayming lowde on falfe reporte,
Whereby their fame, and Noble name
Without desert, oft brute doth blame.
And some Ladies fay,
Their Lords runne aftray,
Whofe wanting, and scanting
Oft works their decay.

AS thus in courfe eche made his plainte,
AI wofull wretch through loue attainte,
In preafe my felfe did vaunte :
And vnto VENVS as I thought,
I hafted fast, and her befought,
My Ladies loue to graunte.
But out alas, euen therewithall
A fodaine thundring noife :
As heauen and earth fhould faile and fall,
My fprites from sleepe did raife.
Then waking, hart aking,
I languisht lay in wo,
Bewayling, the fayling,
Of wyshed purpofe fo.

And to my felfe loe thus I faide,
What ftraunged fight hath me difmaide.
May Vifions rare, or dreames declare.
Such fodaine change from ioy to care.

From

to sundry purposes.

From great delight, such moning cheare,
May Goddeffes abide to heare?

No, no, naught else but fanſie ſure,
My yeelding harte doth lead and lure.

Aye the wight to minde,
Where loue doth me binde,
Whoſe ſeruaunt, attendant
The Gods me aſſigne.

¶ *Loue asketh loue.*

I Sawe of late a wofull wight,
That wyllow twigges did winde to weare :
Whoſe face declarde the penſife plight,
Which he through loue did preſent beare.
He lookte aloft as though he would
Haue clymed to the ſtarry ſkies,
But ſtill he ſtood as though he could
Not once liſt vp his heauie thies.
His feathered hands he forced forth,
And thyther fayne he would haue fledde,
But wofull man it was no worth,
For all his limmes were lade with ledde.

*You are the bright and ſtarrie ſkye,
I am the man in painefull plight :
My limmes are lade I cannot flye,
My wings may not ſuſtaine my weight.*

I reade howe loue did GISMOND wounde,
The childe of TANCRED SALERNE king :
Her fauour GVISTARDE conſtante founde,
She fancied elſe no other thing,
For riches nought, nor for his wealth,
Whereof he had but little ſtore,
His vertue was her onely health,
She likte that well, ſhe fought no more,

K.iii.j.

They

Delightfull Discourses

They had their hoped hap and ioye,
If TANCRED could contente him so,
But he by working their annoye,
Vnto himselfe brought greatest wo.

*You are that Gismond fayre and bright ;
Would I had Guistards vertuous life,
And Tancred chaste cleane out of sight,
Then would I wylbe for such a wife.*

Some saye howe LVNA loued one,
Of lowe estate and little fame,
By name yclipt ENDIMION,
Whose loue was quite deuoyde of blame.
In LAËMI hill it thus befell,
She sawe him sit all fadde alone,
Tis I (quoth she) I knowe full well,
For whom he mournes and makes his mone.
She shamed not of LAËMI hill,
Nor yet of Louers simple state,
But soone consentes vnto his will,
And him did choose to be her mate.

*O Luna looke vpon thy Loue,
Endimion makes his mone to thee :
Be not abasht, let pittie moue,
That loue for loue may yeelden bee.*

¶ *The variable thoughts of a Louer.*

I Liue in hope and yet despayre,
Reioysing most when grieve doth growe :
I mounte aloft aboue the ayre,
Yet lead my life in LIMBO lowe.

I neuer seeke, though much I finde,
Yet finde I nought and still doe seeke :

to sundry purposes.

I see what best contents my minde,
When most in minde I doe misleeke.

One holdes me in captiuitie,
So sure that I ne once may swerue :
Albeit I liue at libertie,
As free from bands that I deserue.

R. T.

THe shyp that late I sawe beare loftie sayle,
Deepe lanchèd in the waues of waters wilde :
Whose courage stowte I deemde no storme might quayle,
When I her viewde so fast and fyrmely fielde.
With tempest toft, is forst now sayle to streeke,
And in her prime doth houerìng harbour seeke.

¶ Answer.

THough streaming stormes, force ship to harbor haste,
To whom the Seas with rigor great threatens wrack :
Whose cables cut, and ankers worne to waste,
Is forste streeke sayle in her so great a lack.
When NEPTVNE yet with Sep̃ter plas̃te in hande,
Shall calme the furious rigour of the Flood :
This Shyp repayrde, may safely sayle to lande,
Nought dreading EOLVS breth, that her withstood.
So H. doth hope his Howlke such porte shall finde,
When stormes be past, as will content his minde.

¶ Another waye.

LEt none mislike a man for his mishap,
But thinke how chance doth check the greatest might :
AENEAS he, VLISSES worthy wight,
By lande and seas, did danger great entrap,
None for deserts are lulde in Fortunes lap.
Chance roules vs rounde, and reaks ne wrong nor right,
Ne lewde is he on whom lewde luck doth light.

L.j.

Was

Delightfull Discourses

Was not IOBE iust, though foke in sorrowes sap.
They erre that deeme all goes as men deserue,
At length AENEAS ranne his weary race :
VLISSES eke and IOBE, God did preferue,
So I poore wretch whom Fortune doth disgrace,
Do hope thylke God will guyde my crased barge,
Which beates the seas, whilst none of her takes charge.
B.

¶ *Godlynesse passeth ryches.*

THe slender store that verteous wights possesse,
More worth then is the wickeds great excesse.
Yet strange to see what toyle some worldlings take,
For ryches vaine, that soone will them forsake.
Whose greedie guttes, no reason may suffice,
The muck on moule so blinded hath their eyes.

¶ *His aunswere to one that wrote, faynte hartes
that feare to synne, fayre Ladyes
syldome winne.*

HE much more valiaunt is,
whose steps are slow to sinne :
Then who so seekes vnlawfull meanes,
his Ladies loue to winne.
And greater prayse deserues,
his will that can subdue :
Than thou which boldly brags, to gaine
the thing thou well mayst rue.
A pleasure short thou seekst,
procuring lasting paine :
A poyson sweete thou dost embrace,
that sundry wightes haue slaine.
A dore that lets in Death,
a scourge that whips the soule :

A

to sundry purposes.

A vice that Vertue ouerthrowes,
who doth it not controule.
A flame of burning fyre,
that reaues all reasons rules :
A gulfe of foule desire,
that oft makes wise men fooles.

¶ *To I. N.*

Good wyll put forth my Pen in haste,
and made me bolde to craue :
And Loue lay on me fore to seeke,
that I suppose you haue.
Pleasure drew forth my doubtfull care,
and helde my hande aright :
And Vse transported like a guyde,
the vaine desyre I wright.
Hope flattered so these troubled thoughtes,
that comforte of the paine :
Would force me to appose thy pen,
with fanfies of the braine.
Slowe of it selfe my little skill,
but that thy truth profest :
Will pardon bothe my light offence,
and graunt this poore request.
To tell if ayre maye alter greefe,
or where like luck betide :
Thy selfe, that vnder Country Hauens,
dost seeke thy selfe to hide.
And if loue bee, what thing it is,
if not, what moues my paine :
Good NEDHAM wryte, or come in haste,
and I shall wryte againe.



L.ij.

¶ *H. To*

Delightfull Discourses

¶ *H. To his misshap.*

THe Gallie slaue that stirres the fleeting Ore,
In foming Seas, to cut the mounting waue :
With heauie cheere doth wifh the gladfome shore,
In hope that ende his thraldome then fhall haue.

Or elfe doth hope amidft his pyning wo,
That fhipe will finke, and ende his trauell fo.

The fickly wight whom Feuers pinche full fore,
With gasping breath, and panting hart in bed :
And yeelds himfelfe content with Natures lore,
Reuoltes againe, who was by hope mifled,
If vitall breath yet chaunce to fayle him than,
Now pafte his paine, becomes a happy man.

An ende of woes thefe feelie folks obtayne,
An ende of thrals at length by meanes they finde :
Deuoyde of cares, and I as wretch remayne,
To whom aliue the Gods aboue affigne.

That lyuing yet, a thoufande times fhould dye,
And long time dead, vnburied yet fhould lye.

¶ *Falfifying of Fayth, breeds
many complaynts.*

MY idle head retaynes the bufie hope,
My gafing eye giues ouer her defyre :
My reaching hand would after fauor grope,
My legs yeelde vp and leaue me in the myre.
'Tis light t'outrunne, but not to outread the wife,
Thus finde I ftrife to hinder my deuife.

The time too fhorte, to weare fo speedie greefe,
I ftill purfue, that fhunnnes my wylling holde :

Skill

to sundry purposes.

Skill is to weake to yeelde my woe releefe,
My cares lyke cloudes, infect my hart with colde.
So that if heat should melt so cruell frost,
My heart were drownde, and all the loue were lost.

Betweene two Adamants of equall weyght,
I am the peece of yron to beholde :
Wythout desert, loe I am made the baight,
Denide the ioy that my desyres wolde.
My taste of loue, is lost as you may gesse,
That know how Sickmen fauour bitternesse.

Who would his will, must beare the bitter lot,
The Faucons foote distraynth the Princes hande :
When loue was made, his eyes were quite forgot,
The highest towers in greatest danger stande.
O slipper holde, that for a filly eye,
Can finde no peace, but euer seekes to die.

Die, and doe all the wretched traine of loue,
To know the torment of my boyling smarte :
Her might on me pore man she ment to prooue,
Whom I had thought, should heale my wounded harte.
O cruell penance to my pore desyre,
In such great heat to bring me to the fyre.

¶ *To his Song, sent to his Mistresse.*

Song in the sweete place,
Where as my Ladie was
walking.
Thinke if thou shouldst stande,
She would reach out her hande,
wylling.
Touch not her tenderesse,
Stoupe to her statelineesse,
hie thee.

L.iiij.

Spirite

Delightfull Discourses

Spirite without carkeffe,
MERCVRIE bodileffe,
 ply thee.
Tell her I will come,
Knowing not howe soone,
 speede well.
Loue may no let haue,
This is all I craue,
 farewell.

¶ A Poesie.

THe streaming stormes, that fast on me doe flowe,
The secrete sighes that waste my wofull breast :
The Iſie colde I feele like flakes of Snowe,
The hidden harmes that breede my great vnreast.
By Fancies force doe cause such troublous tyde,
That shyp nowe shakes, which late in roade did ryde.

¶ Aunswere.

WHere reason rules, affections fonde doe flye,
And bewties beames smale bittirnesse may breede :
Where wifdome will, by vertues skill doth tye,
CVRIDOS flames are quenched forth with speede.
Let reason then thy will by wisedome guyde,
So shalt thou safely shunne this stormie tyde.

¶ The vanitie of rytyches.

THe stately Pallace Princely plaste,
the hoorde of glyttering Golde :
The Patrimony large of landes,
cannot from sicknesse holde.
Nor can they cure the crased corps,
or deck the minde at all :
For who hath most of such a store,
the more he feares as thrall.

Golde

to sundry purposes.

Golde is the Father to the Flock,
of Flatterers by lotte :
It is the summe of grieve or woe,
who hath, or hath it not.
For who it hath, he quakth in feare,
least Fortune robbe his thrifte :
Who hath it not, laments because,
he knowes not how to shifte.
Wherfore of ritch or poore I iudge,
as wisedome smale I hente :
In best estate is he, with his
that liues with minde contente.

¶ *Discorde makes weake, what concorde
left strong.*

THe quyet pawse that silente night,
Doth bring from trauayles past :
Of daye no sooner had by sleight,
A slumber on me cast.
But in my sleepe there did appeare,
Sixe sauadge men in mosse and haire.

A Fagot bounde the foremost wight,
Me thought in hande did beare :
Which ioyntly and alone through might,
All sought to breake and teare,
Yet still in vaine their strength they tryde,
Eche parte to other was so tyde.

Till wresting long, a stick at last,
One forth by sleight doth wring,
Whereby the Bundell knitte so fast,
A sunder soone they fling.
Then eche a feuerde peece doth spoyle,
Which late conioynde, no force could foyle.

L.iiij.

This

Delightfull Discourses

This done me seemde they vanishte quite,
And there my Dreame did ende :
Yet so amazed with the fight,
That out a fighe I sende.

I curst the frawde that friends defast,
Whose broken bande eche harme doth hast.

The wrack of Realmes hereby is wrought,
The force of Foes increast :
The spoyle of famous Princes fought,
And right by wrong suppressed.

Foule fall therefore the guyle of those,
That friendshiphs bande doe seeke to lose.

*And happy they that doe restraine,
Their eares to heare when Syrens faine.*

¶ *Of one that came to borrow money.*

IN loane what losse, I want and would,
Two Gods I bring to entreate for Golde,
Perswasion may procure the thing,
That force would vndertake to bring.

¶ *Answer.*

THe losse of Friends by bringing home againe,
Such Interest I seeke not so to gleane,
Two Goddessees to match your Gods there be,
Inopie and Impossibilitie.

¶ *Truth feareth no tryall.*

THe Muses calde a Courte of late,
Wherein they deemde of fundry deedes :
To scan eche cause in seate they sate,
The summond peere and law proceedes.
The truth they fought of all mens harts,
And deemde of eche by his defarts.

So

to sundry purposes.

So some were faude, and some I sawe,
Condemde to dye by Iustice might :
Among the which by course of lawe
Approcht to barre a worthy wight,
Whome festred Enuy sought to spoyle,
By forged lyes his fayth to foyle.

Vpon whose talke he was araynde,
Holde vp thy hande quoth Doubt by name,
Thou art accused to haue staynde
Thy credite, and thy fayth with shame.
And brieft to be, by verdite iuste,
Condemde thou art for thine vntruft.

To whom the Captiue gan reply,
I graunt if this be prooued true :
That I well worthy am to dye,
And here I craue no more of you.
But perfitte triall of my case,
(The guiltie onely pleads for grace.)

A Queste was then impanelde newe,
And his accusers calde in sight :
Suspition did the sute pursue,
He was indited by Despite.
The Muses nowe with all the rest,
Made Conscience foreman of the quest.

Wherewith Suspition fled for feare,
Despite durst not maintaine his sute,
The cause was calde, the captiue cleare,
Thus did the last, the fyrst confute.
And he that earst should needes haue dide,
No trespasse made, when truth was tride.

Loe thus beholde, the guyltlesse wight,
Had Conscience not bene present tho :

M.j.

Through

Delightfull Discourses

Through false report and deepe despight,
Condemnde had beene to death to go.

By which you well may learne and see,
The faultlesse ofte condemned bee.

Let pittie therefore moue your minde,
To stay your doome till truth be tryde :
So you by search shall easily finde,
That I from truth did neuer flyde.

As tyme by triall shall declare,
I aske no more, so spoyle or spare.

*¶ He complayneth his mishap, with promise
to keepe her honor.*

THe wandring Outlaw borne to woe,
and bred a banisht man :

Vntaught the futtle sleights of loue,
of loue this tale began.

When fyrst my fences dranke the sweete,
that gaue my body blood :

I felt no Foe to let my loue,
nor God against my good.

Tyll luste misreckned my delightes,
my wandring ioyes to ende :

And founde her out to stay such toyes,
to stande my trustie friende.

I boast the graunt if all were giuen,
it may, would God it might :

O happie man, more happie mayde,
if all had hit aright.

Mishap withholdes no meane to hope,
to purchase my pretence :

Beautie me rauisht first, and now
reuength without offence.

Thus

to sundry purposes.

Thus like a childe agayne, vntaught
the sleighes of dayntie mindes :
Such nurture take I of my Nurfe,
as Nature iustly bindes.
These sides enshrine her stately loue,
if other thoughts she haue :
She shall possesse that I professe,
and yet her honor saue.

¶ *G. To his Ladye.*

I See in loue some farther fetch there is,
Than reason can reueale to me that would :
Accuse the cause that makes me think amis,
And finde the fault of such vntempered mould.
Of sundry workes doe diuers wonders growe,
Yet skill shewes why, and how they should be so.
I see the Sunne both moue, and melt, and chaunge,
At once both dry and dew the dustie sande :
Yet are the raging stormes of loue so straunge,
As I forbear the cause to vnderstande.
Except I should impute it to the wurst,
And curse the kinde that neuer Louer durst.
I see the starre that guydes my stirring loue,
The goodly Saint that sacrifice deserues :
Sometime I sayle, and sinke for feare to prooue,
And oft my solemne obsequies reserue.
Yet but for loue her passing giftes deuine,
Nature had neuer made them halfe so fine.
I see the secrets of my wofull eyes,
Must seeke to rest on no such perfitnesse :
Would they had kept her still aboue the skyes,
Where first she tooke alluring comlynesse,
But sith her shape no mortall man may craue,
Yeele honor such as fittes her best to haue.

M.ij.

¶ *For*

Delightfull Discourses



¶ *For smale offence, smale punishment.*

MY Lady giues the reyne to her despite,
And lightly she beleecues what others fayne :
With death she vowes my seruice to requite,
And payes me not with like good will againe,
So that she seekes to trusse vp my good will,
With trusting those that euer ment me ill.

The murthering Knyfe for my offencelesse crime,
I see preperde to gore my guyltlesse blood :
The cruell voyce of rough condemning rime,
Hath scape her mouth, and maye not be withstood.
Yet let her date my death with this one line,
Here lyeth my Seruant buryed in his Shrine.

If mercie fayle, there is no other charme,
If that preuayle, vngracious luck farewell :
My guiltelesse trespasse shall escape the harme,
That enuye wisht on me to haue befell.
Of my estate, let her say yea, or nay,
I most regarde her doome for to obay.

From heauen the grace of gentle minds descends,
And like the maker should the matter bee :
Then let my Mistres when she wrath pretends,
Affects of mercie in the Gods foresee,
And when she graunts to follow them in that,
Let her recure and pardon she knowes what.



¶ *Loves*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *Loues myghtinesse growes by
Louers weaknesse.*

IF power of warre had yeelded to renowne,
Of curteous hartes, the Gods had then agreede :
Disgraded SATVRNE had not tumbled downe,
Nor loue had durst in Goldlike Artes proceede.
O cowardly Gods against your kinde to see,
Your felues, your sonnes, the slaues of loue to bee.

Could loue take league with Ioue against his will,
Or staine the streame of NEPTVNES water Springs :
And could not PLVTO keepe his honor still,
But giue the Heauens and Hilles to other kings ?
In faith the face amongst sweete soules should dwell,
That conquered these, in spite of powers in Hell.

¶ *A comparifon of his troubles.*

Great swelling floodes are soone dried vp,
with meaner calmes I see :
And mightie Frostes, with gentle heate
are woont dissolude to bee.
The darkeſt clowdes in th'ayre toſt,
depart with no great winde :
Yet can the tempeſt of my care,
no quyet harbor finde.

¶ *I. K. to H. being sicke.*

THE sickly ſtate, thou griped art withall,
When brute had blowne and founded to mine eare :
From eare to heart, the ſodaine noyſe did fall,
And there begins to change my choiſe of my cheare.

M.iiij.

For

Delightfull Discourses

For choyce is past, needes must I match with mone,
When hope is crackt, what comfort may endure?
The best parte eke of me, to greefe is gone.
Scant then the partes beside, may well be sure,
Yet feare not H. quayle not, be of good cheare,
Thy Keeper bids thee haue a hardy harte :
Be lyke a man, the weather will be cleare,
If not for thee, yet cause not me to smarte.
So being bolde in thine extremitie,
Thou shalt saue two, that is both thee and me.

¶ *Answer H.*

THe plunged state wherein I restlesse lay,
When these thy lynes were brought before my view :
A certaine tyme began to cease and stay :
And still mee thought my pinching paine withdrew,
To heare from thee, such comfort did ensue,
But when at last, I learned had thy greefe,
My comfort fledde, bereft was all releefe.

And then anewe my crased corps in paine,
Lay languisht long, not knowing what were best,
A thousand thoughts within my troubled braine
So mooude my minde, that vnneth could I rest,
The slypping ioyes that worldly wights possesse.
Loe then I sawe, full soone away did slide,
And nothing was, that still might stande or bide.

No Forte so strong, no Bulwarke rayse so sure,
But tyme consumes and tumbleth downe at last :
Mannes force is frayle, and lyke the feeble flowre,
That bendes and breaks with euery little blast,
His dangers great, his pleasures soone surpast,
As now by me appeares, whose ioyes doe vade,
Whose griefe doth grow, whose comfort glides to glade.

Whose

to sundry purposes.

Whose lyfe lyke fmoke, doth flylie flynck awaye,
Whose Rock is reelde, whose fatall threed is spunne,
Whose dreame doth ende, whose flumbring sleepe doth staye,
Whose web is wouen, whose Glaffe is welnie runne,
Whose parte is playde, whose tale is tolde and done,
Whose will doth yeelde to leaue this wretched vale,
Where naught is fure, but driry Death moſt pale.

¶ *Of Friendſhip.*

WHo holds himſelfe moſt deare, and hath his wante,
Although he would, he may not ſtore his friend :
But he that ſeekes his ſecrets there to plante,
Where wealth is free, ſhall finde a quyete ende.
Giue me the pooreſt man to triumph on,
Or welthieſt friend, or let me liue alone.

¶ *Anſwere. G. H.*

Giue me the equall friend, for greater ſtate
Will euer grudge the wante of lowe degree,
And eke the meane repine at welthier mate,
Thus enuy breakes what friendſhip did decree.
By iuſte agreeing porte no iarre doth grow,
Where wealth ne wante denies the friendly ſhow.

¶ *H. To M.*

THe craſed Barke full oft is ſaued by Pylots care,
The greateſt griefes by pleaſant ioyes aſſwaged are.
The daylie toyles by ſome quiet reſt are alwayes eaſed,
The vering ſpirites by Muſike ſweete, ſeeme ſomewhat pleaſed.
My onely ioy regarde you this my wofull caſe,
Sith none but your diſdaine, my ſorrow can delace.

¶ *Admonition to his Friend.*

IF thou wilte be rightfull,
Alwayes ſtande thou faythfull.
To doe well be carefull,
Note friends and be thankfull.

Delightfull Discourses

Vaine talke flye and learne wit,
Marke wise speeche and loue it.
Alwayes praye, and boast not,
Eschue pride, and vaunte not.
Hate no man, disdaine not,
Take time and sleepe not.
Eche vertue trayne iustly,
Regarde betters wisely.
Offend no wight wrongly,
And declare alwayes truly.
So God sure will loue thee,
And good men will praise thee.
When Vertue shall grace thee,
All fame shall embrace thee.

*¶ Who seekes this Worlds felicitie,
Fyndes nothing else but vanitie.*

WHO seekes on earth to finde, his Mansion sure to dwell,
Forakes his God, forgets his heauen, & hies him fast to hell.
For why no flesh hath force, eternitie to finde,
But as of Clay it came, to Clay it must conuert by kinde.
If Bewtie blynde thine eyes, or Coyne it be thou craue,
Be sure therof they clogge thy soule, whē carcasſe comes to graue.
Not strength, not honors stage, nor Empire helde alone,
But conscience cleere must only serue, before the heauenly throne(.)
Suppose before thy Prince, thy onely tale surmounts,
Tryumph not thou, for th'angels trumpe, calles thee to more accounts.
More pleasure here thou takes, in toyes on earth below,
More feeble thou, more force is theirs, to yeelde thine ouerthrow.
No comfort doe conceaue, in vaine and tryflying toyes,
No minutes myrth can counteruayle, aye during deepe annoyes.
On earth the force of flood, and flame thou doest desyre
To shun, then chiefly seeke to auoyde, the force of endlesse fyre.
On earth thou doest desyre, delights that be but vayne,
In heauen the whylst thou dost neglecte, the ioy y^t shall remayne.
Then dye on earth to liue, and liue on earth to dye,
Repose thy trust in heauenly things, and ioy eternallye.

to sundry purposes.

¶ *To a Flatterer.*

AS foundes from hollow things,
doe nought but ayre implic:
So words from faythlesse friends,
shewe nought but flatterie.

¶ *Answer.*

CAlme Seas least feared bee,
more daunger when they swell:
Yet in all Tydes we see,
they vse to founde them well.

¶ *Reason and Fancie doe often varie.*

WHere Fancie bids vs runne, and Reason staye,
And presse our powres, that frayltie nought preuayle:
Affection blinde doth beare so great a swaye,
That we in greatest danger hoysed vp sayle.

We burne our selues, and yet doe blowe the fyer,
And trust the ayde that leaues vs in the myer.

Desyre assaies with Fancies winges to flye,
When hap withholdes, to yeelde our will successe:
Hope would aduaunce it selfe vnto the skye,
Despayre sinkes downe, and sits in sad distresse.

Desyre, dispayre, hope, hap, by fancie prest,
Thus ioyne their battayle in affections brest.

Reason resistes, vayne hope, hopes Lead will swymme,
Wyt would preuayle, affection will not yeelde:
Desyre with Frayltie ventures lyfe and lymme,
Inforcing Reason to forsake the field.

And thus with Fancies lore our reason ledde,
In Follies brake, we oft bring fooles to bedde.

Looke ere you leape, beware least footing sayle,
Example take by poore ACTEONS fall:
We thinke that pretie fancie may preuayle,
And therfore listen to his luring call.

But when most greedie Dogs doe vs deuour,
Fancie stands aloofe, not able to succour.

Delightfull Discourses

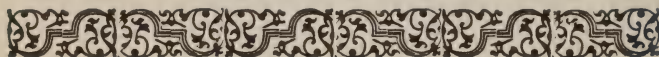
A little bewhing Curre doth oft procure,
Assault of greater Dogs, as doth appeare,
So while we rashely yeelde to Fancies lure,
More eger Curres are readie vs to teare.

Our owne desyre, affection, lust, and will,
Are those same Dogs which doe their maysters kill.

Yet neyther counsayle, wisedome, sence, nor arte,
Can brydle youth from his desyred ioye :
Graue precepts haue no power to staye his harte,
From working of his owne extreme annoye :
And though our selues doe know such things are vayne,
Yet doe we seeke the selfe same things to gayne.

What madnesse thus to stryue against all sence ?
To sue, where Reason would we should refrayne :
Against all counsayle thus to make pretence,
And voyde of wisedome so to beate our brayne,
To buye repentance with so deepe desyre,
And with such heate to set our thrift on fyre.

And yet no helpe, when Fancie freights our boate,
But Follyes force, perforce will hoyse vp sayle :
Till midst the waues of had I wist we floate,
We thinke our pleasant course should neuer sayle.
Vnlesse Gods speciall grace doe make a stay,
Our nature weake thus works her owne decay.



¶ *A Poesie.*

Sith nothing stayes in good or happy state,
Where Vice aboundes and Vertue doth abate :
Why doe we not our lyues with speede reforme ?
That Conscience cleere may feele no gnawing worme.

¶ *Certaine*

to sundry purposes.

¶ *Certaine Verses translated out of Petrark, concerning
Rome, written by him many yeares since.*

A Flame from Heauen streame downe vpon thy head
Thou wicked one, that from the water colde,
And Acornes wilde, (that whilom was thy bread)
Arte mightie made, enrichte by others Golde.

Since thy delight is fetled all on ill,
Shame thee destroy, and sorrow soone thee spill.

Thou Nest in whome the treasons hatched are,
That through the worlde abroad are spred this hower :
Slauie to Wine, chambring and delicious fare,
Where Lust doth trye the strength of all her power.

In Closets thine, yong gyrles and aged Siers,
With BELZABVB doe daunce in foule desiers.

He Bellowes, Fyre, and looking Glasse doth beare,
Amidst them all, but why I blush to tell :
Naked to wyndes, and bare foote late thou were,
No beddes of Downe vnto thy share befell.

Course clothes did serue thy corps from colde to shrowde,
Scarce God thy peere, thou now art growne so prowde.

Thou BABILON that buyldes thy Neast so hye,
By courtous frawde thy sack to brimme dost fill,
With Gods great wrath and vices out that flye :
Whose poyfning smell a worlde of soules doe kill.

Gods to thy selfe thou makst, not LOVE nor PALLAS,
In VENVS and BACCHVS is all thy solace.

In searching long, what should of thee ensue,
My selfe with toyle I feeble brought and lowe :
But at the length mee seemde a SOLDAN newe,
I sawe preparede to worke thy ouerthrowe.

That will erect BALDACCIO feat for those,
Which (though not when I would) shall thee depose.

M.iiij.

Thy

Delightfull Discourses

Thy Idols on the grounde shall scattered lye,
Thy Towers prowde to heauen that enimies bee :
And Turrets all by fyre downe shall flye,
Then shall iust soules the friends of vertue, see
The golden worlde anewe beginne to raigne,
And auncient works shew forth themselues againe.

Thou sorrowes source, the sinke of many a one,
Thou Schole and Temple whence all errors growe :
Once ROME, but nowe that cruell BABILON,
For whom the worlde in teares doth ouerflowe,
Exclayming on thy cursed wickednesse,
Bewrapped in the vayle of holynesse.

O Forge of false deceyte, prision to yre,
Where goodnesse dyeth, and euils all are bredde :
To those that liue, thou art a hellish fyre,
The ruine eke of many wretches deade.
A wonder straunge though spared thou be yet,
If Christ in fine not treade thee vnder feete.

Thy ground was fyrst on humble pouertie,
But nowe thy pride doth presse thy Founders downe :
Thou shamelesse strumpet seeking suffraintie,
Where rests thy hope? what in thy triple crowne?
In thy adulteries or base borne rytches
Begotte in guile? vaine are all such wytches.

Since CONSTANTINE may nowe returne no more,
The mournfull worlde that fighes thy state to see :
Consume and cut thee quick vnto the core,
That all to long is forst to beare with thee.

*Of Rome the fall, here Petrark doth vnfolde,
As view they may, that list the same beholde.*

In patientia victoria.

FINIS.

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